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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 205.—Vol. XVI. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 6, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Lallie Charles, 39a, Curzon Street*

LADY ROSEMARY CAIRNS

The daughter of the second Earl Cairns, and niece of the present Earl. She was one of last season's prettiest "debutantes"

No. 205.—Vol. XVI.

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SPECIAL 24 pp. MOTOR SUPPLEMENT—OLYMPIA, WHAT TO SEE.

RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

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"The Dog." Edited by Robert Leighton. (Cassell: 25*s.* net.)
"Where the Winds Sit." By the Author of "Honoria's Patchwork." (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
"Arizona Nights." By Stewart E. White. (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*)
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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday November 6, 1907

The action of the *Daily Mail* in arranging that there shall be no railway strike was inevitable. It could not have been expected to allow anything to occur to distract attention from the doings of the two Royal babies now in our midst.

* * *

The idea that the disappearance of Mlle. Lapoukhine was the result of a plot was, from the first, scouted by the police. The likelihood of anything of the kind in the neighbourhood—it was just between the Gaiety and the Aldwych Theatres—was, of course, ludicrous.

* * *

What Guy Fawkes needed was a woman's help. The Suffragettes blow up the Houses of Parliament, whenever they feel like it.

* * *

A dull November will not be the Premier's lot, with all our leading dramatists having at him for the abolition of the Censor. The last straw for the weary camel's back was, of course, Mr Redford's refusal to allow the performance of Mr. Barker's play, *Waste*. If anything happens to himself, it will be the Censor's own fault. He said "Waste not," and playwrights naturally complete the proverb by saying "Want not." And they really mean it. They don't want him.

* * *

The Kaiser's dislike of the use by his subjects of non-German words is well known, and from time to time he adds a fresh one to his black list. Quite the latest, we learn, is—*Camarilla*.

* * *

The Emperor Menelik, says a Reuter telegram, has issued a decree announcing the constitution of a Cabinet on European lines. All Europeans will be flattered, though, of course, Cabinets differ a good deal in Europe. Our own, for instance, is different from Turkey's. Perhaps, to avoid being too imitative, Menelik will see to it that Radical Ministers, who disagree with their Sovereign on cardinal points, can retire without undue pressure. Either the bow-string or premature burial would do.

* * *

Whole-hearted Londoners are a good deal annoyed at M. Demetrio Maggiora's proposal to disperse fog by means of air cannons. "Wants to make it look like a beastly foreign town," is the deep-voiced objection of elderly City men, as they climb to the top of a dripping omnibus in the murk of a November afternoon; "what's the matter with it?" Perhaps M. Maggiora will reconsider his proposal? There is no city like ours.

* * *

"The Rev. Forbes Phillips, vicar of Gorleston, is now," says the *Daily Graphic*, "writing a play dealing with the marriage question." What a pity the Archbishop of Canterbury could not have waited for this before giving all those tedious directions to his clergy. It would have saved him such a lot of trouble.

* * *

Our contemporary adds—apropos of play-writing vicars—"that if bound together, the plays written by clergymen would make a substantial volume." We call that moderate, and if the Censor had a hand in keeping them down to one volume, there is a good deal to be said for him.

* * *

Preparations for the railway strike move forward. Clerks on many lines are being trained to take the duties of signalmen, and the more zealous of these young fellows are said to be quite anxious to have a go at the signals on a foggy day. Trains, of course, rarely, if ever, run into a signal-box.

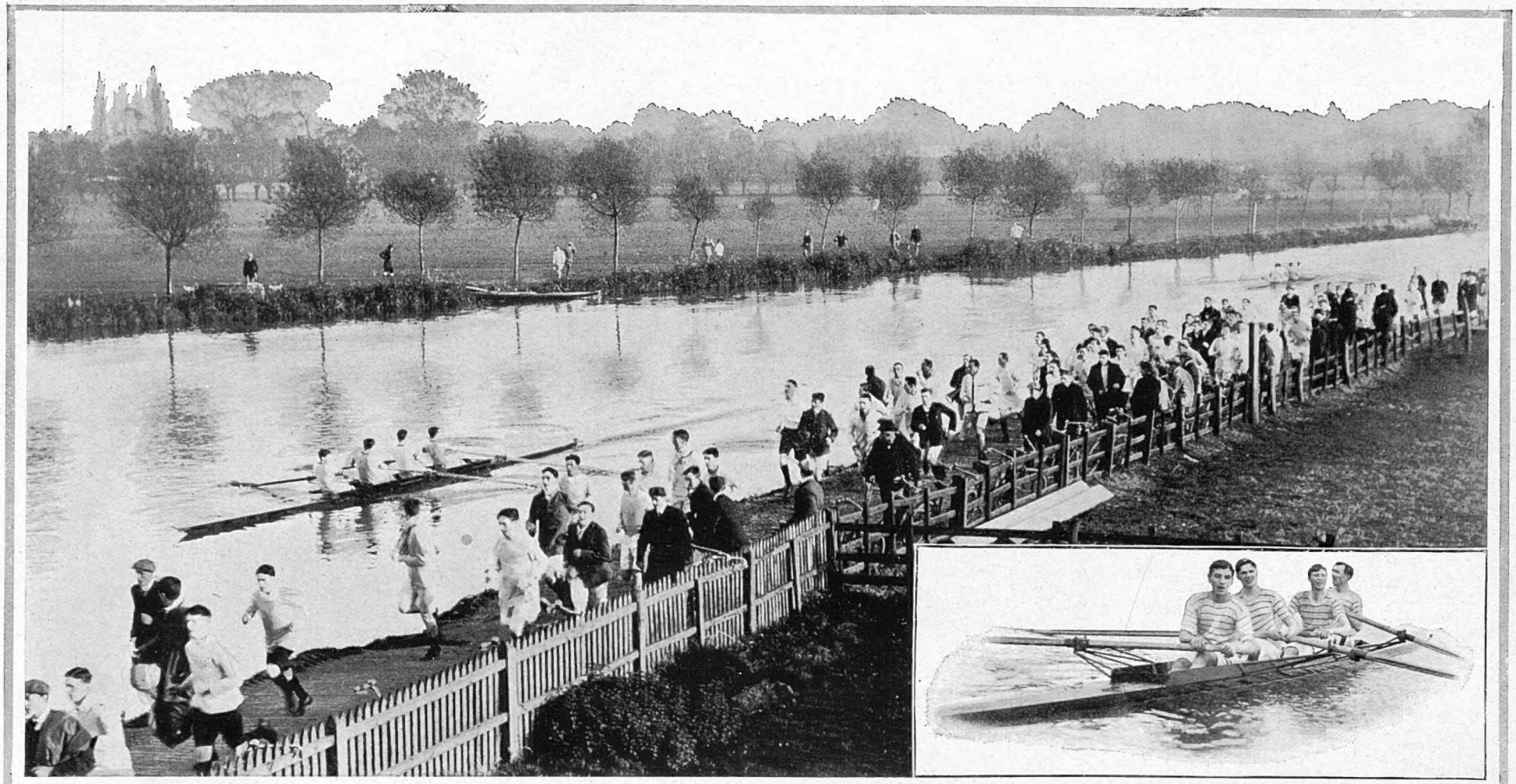
* * *

Provisioning the country will, in the event of a strike, be the great difficulty; but this is not, it seems, all being left to chance. Brewers, according to a daily paper, are supplying many of their customers with beer for three months ahead.

When Socialism Reaches the Army

COLONEL: "Why the deuce don't you salute me when you pass, sir?"
RECRUIT. "I nodded me 'ead, and said 'Wot ho!' clear enough"
(By ARTHUR LEE)

The Coxswainless Fours at Oxford



Photos] The New College Crew [*Dixon*
Beaten in the final on Friday by Magdalen

MAGDALEN (THE ULTIMATE WINNERS) WIN FROM CHRIST CHURCH

Interesting racing was seen last week at Oxford during the Coxswainless Fours. On Wednesday, Magdalen beat Christ Church, after an exciting struggle, mainly owing to the fine steering of J. R. Somers-Smith. On the second day, the competitors were favoured by ideal weather conditions, and in the first heat there was a capital race between Magdalen and Christ Church II.; and, in the second heat, New College, after a good start, beat Trinity by two lengths. On Friday there was a big attendance, and in the final, Magdalen beat New College by three and half lengths

A deputation from Swaziland is now on its way to England with the intention of visiting the King and proclaiming its loyalty. In view of the agitation that was recently got up against a product said to be grown by slave labour in the Portuguese islands, it seems curious that the name of the chief Swazi spokesman should be O-no-coco.

* * *

In a classification recently given of the newly elected Russian Duma, the Party of Peaceful Regeneration is represented by one Member. Party politics in Russia suffer a good deal from internal dissension, but experts maintain that this fault is not so widespread as people think. They are hopeful that the Party of Peaceful Regeneration will, at any rate, vote solid.

* * *

Australians are divided as to the merits of the English Eleven now opposed to them, some critics maintaining that they are too young, others that they are too old. Of course, there is no settling a point like this. But so long as the crutches and the perambulators are not actually brought on the field, it does not, in our opinion, greatly matter. The best side will probably win in the end.

* * *

A striking feature among London entertainments last week was a "fairy-tale banquet," given by the Lyceum Club. "Standing," says a contemporary, "beneath a bower at the end of a long table and under a strange ray of light, Miss Constance Smedley and others told fairy stories, while members and friends sat at tables which were dimly illuminated by candlelight." There is something to be said for this sort of banquet, if the food was also good. But we should like to be assured of that, and also of whether the invisible hands that doubtless waited at the tables were content with invisible tips.

* * *

In spite of the unparalleled success of the voyage undertaken by one-half of the *Suevic* last week, designers do not favour the idea of turning out liners on this pattern. It is cheap, of course; but many of them consider that half a boat has an unfinished look that would fail to appeal to the majority of ocean-going passengers.

* * *

Admiral Chester, U.S.A., has appealed to his countrymen for "a corps of airships, which shall be the eyes of the American Navy." We do not know why airships should form a "corps," but in any case the demand is surely premature. A Navy's eyes do not need to be goo-goo, but, on the other hand, a man who carried his eyes at the end of a string, and was liable to have them blown away at any moment, would feel very insecure. So would a Navy.

* * *

On his visit to the Hippodrome, King Alfonso questioned the manager very keenly about "The Avalanche." "Is it," asked his Majesty, "really as good as 'The Flood'? I remember that well since I was here last." It had not seemed quite so long ago that the genial young monarch last visited us.

* * *

Some amusing cousinly amenities have been going forward in the *Times*, the New York correspondent of which has been referred to as "a lineal descendant of Ananias" by—Mr. W. R. Hearst.

* * *

Following the example of the Savoy Restaurant, which has recently submitted the question of evening clothes to a referendum of its patrons, some of the smaller London eating-houses have, we understand, been trying to ascertain the opinion of their clients on the question of whether guests should be allowed to dine without their boots. Answers are not yet to hand.

* * *

TAKEN HIS COAT OFF?—The *Sunday Times* writes:—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman arrived at 10, Downing Street, shortly before 9 o'clock yesterday evening, having travelled up from Scotland by the West-coat express.

Talking Business!

"Lend us a tanner, guv'ner"
"No, thertainly not!"
"Well, give us fourpence for a bed"
"Ah! Now you're talkin' buthneth. Vere'th the bed?"

(BY HOPE READ)

Our Motor Supplement

Our Special Olympia Motor Supplement will appeal not only to the car-owner, but to the average man who is not as yet a motorist, and it will be found an invaluable guide to all the chief exhibits at the Olympia Show. Therefore, do not forget to take it with you when you pay your visit there.

THIS WEEK'S WEATHER

From November 6th to 12th

BY HUGH CLEMENTS

As announced last week, Mr. Hugh Clements, the well-known weather specialist, has undertaken, week by week, to forecast the prevalent weather conditions in THE BYSTANDER. It is hoped, in an early issue, to give Mr. Clements an opportunity of explaining his method. In the meantime, we give below his forecast for the present week.—EDITOR.

During the period from the 6th to the 12th November, the weather of England, Ireland, and the South of Scotland will be controlled by the tides caused by the nadir moon and sun. On the 6th, the barometer will be about, or over, average height. By the 7th, however, it will fall, with unsettlement in the weather and probable rain. By the 8th, the barometer will begin to rise, but the weather will still be unsettled, and rain will fall in various parts of the country, including London. By the 9th, the barometer will continue to rise at London and the South of England generally and will continue high; but on the 12th, in or around the latitude of London, the barometer will fall, with unsettled weather.

The weather will be unsettled, with some rain, on the 7th and 8th and part of the 9th and 12th, but finer on the 6th, 10th, and 11th, and partially on the other days.

To London Town from Babylon
The pageant of the world goes by!
For you, for you, I pause and con
A Stander-By

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

The Ogling of Royalty

I yield to none in my entire loyalty, and desire, before writing another line, to tender THE BYSTANDER'S congratulations to the King on the attainment, next Saturday, of his sixty-sixth birthday. But I draw the line at the orgies of gush over the little group of Royalties who are, at present, for purely private and family reasons, visiting their British relatives. It is, indeed, a sorry reflection on the state of mind of an Imperial race that, in its metropolis, newspapers should brush aside matters of high importance to chronicle not only the doings of the monarchs themselves, but of their infant offspring. I understand that many people spent hours in the murk of various days of last week to catch sight of T.R.H. Prince Olaf and Prince of Asturias. The only possible justification for such unmitigated loafing were the desire to pick pockets, but as the Police Reports on the morrow quite failed to provide any such evidence of business-like activity on the part of the crowds, I am forced to conclude that the motive was mere snobbish curiosity.

* * *

A Plea for Privacy

Why cannot we let our Royal visitors from Spain, and Norway, and Portugal alone, on their little visits *incog.* to their eminently quiet and simple-living British relatives and friends? That, next week, some of us should interest ourselves in the visit of the Kaiser and Kaiserin is different. In the Emperor William one beholds, at least, the master of a great Empire and vast forces, a political power, and a man of exceptional and versatile ability. Let us, as he passes through the City next Wednesday, keep open our eyes and mouths as long as the fog permits. But we should certainly learn to control ourselves when the visitors are here for purely private purposes, especially as, in the case of the Queen of Norway (and baby) and the Queen of Spain (and baby), public curiosity is very much disliked.

* * *

Three Queens on View

The King and the racing set were again at Newmarket for the Houghton Meeting last week. In Town, the presence of three Queens, several Princesses, and those two aforementioned Royal babes, proved the signal for the beginning in real earnest of the autumn season. Suburban ladies, window-gazing in Regent Street on an afternoon early in the week, returned to Tooting in a glow of patriotic fervour. They had seen two Queens. I myself had the felicity of seeing Queen Alexandra and her two daughters at the Play. Her Majesty, who is looking extremely well after her long holiday, was in black lace, as usual, a bunch of violets at her waist, gloriously jewelled, and wearing great diamond solitaires in her tiny ears. *When Knights Were Bold* amused her vastly, and she laughed constantly in her delightfully youthful, unstudied way. Queen Maud, in a becoming gauzy pink frock, a sparkling wreath in her dark hair, looked almost as young and beautiful as her mother. She has the same small head and regular perfection of features, and, like all the ladies of the First Family, improves in appearance as she grows older.

Photo *Stuart*

HIS MAJESTY THE KING

Who celebrates his sixty-sixth birthday on Saturday next, the 9th inst.

* * *

The Royal Party at Sandringham

Life at Sandringham is very much like life in any other English country house. There are a few differences — one is, for instance, expected to go to church on Sunday mornings. There is a weighing machine, in which your host much likes to see you weighed; and the footmen are really alarmingly tall in their white satin knee-breeches and gold-gartered white silk stockings; but, on the whole, it is the Simple Life. There is nothing very much to do. There are the stables and the kennels, which are visited by their Royal mistress every morning, and there is a good deal of shooting round about. But that is all. The King's own particular set—his *Cumarilla*, so to speak — seldom penetrate to Sandringham, the Queen's most favoured English home. The week-ends are reserved for statesmen, diplomats, and high officials, while the week-middles bring crack shots, good jesters, and old, tried friends in their train.

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Panic Scenes in New York

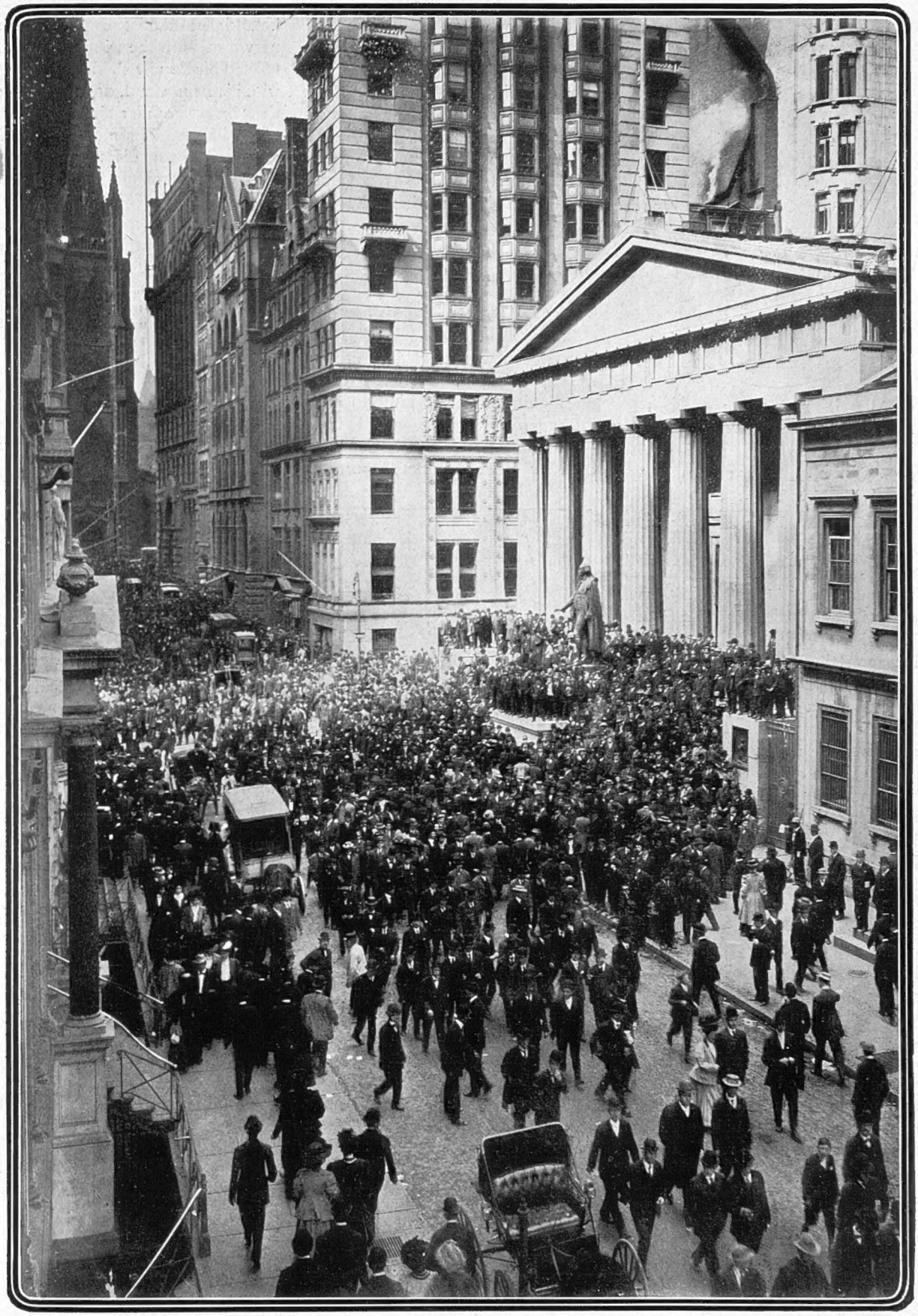


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

CROWDS IN WALL STREET DURING THE RECENT RUN ON THE BANKS

In our last issue we published a striking picture of the Bishop of London preaching a sermon to the crowd in Wall Street. Within a few days, on this same spot, probably almost the identical crowd was making a frenzied run on the neighbouring banks, owing to the serious financial crisis, with the result that many of the largest of these concerns, including the great Knickerbocker Trust Company of New York, had to stop payment. To relieve the present scarcity of gold in New York, the *Lusitania* is, this week, carrying to America no less than two millions sterling worth of bullion

Men Who Make Haste

Señor Maura, Prime Minister of Spain
Who attends his Sovereign during his visit to England

Another Ragging Case

A good deal of soiled linen will, it seems, be washed; a sufficient scandal aired, and, no doubt, somebody or other will be mangled, in yet another Army ragging case, which is to be tried before a Court-Martial at Aldershot next week. For some time past there has been trouble in the Grenadier Guards concerning a young officer, Mr. H. C. Woods, who has been in the regiment since January, 1904, and is the eldest son of Colonel William Woods, the well-known and wealthy agriculturist of Warnford Park, Bishop's Waltham, and Whitley Hall, Wigan. Mr. Woods's brother-officers, it appears, find themselves unable to approve of their colleague, and have signified their disapproval in the accepted Army manner. On his son's account, Colonel Woods, whose military title, by the way, was gained in commanding the Hampshire Imperial Yeomanry for seven years, has written some strongly worded letters to the authorities, among them, I understand, Sir John French, much to the indignation of the recipients.

* * *

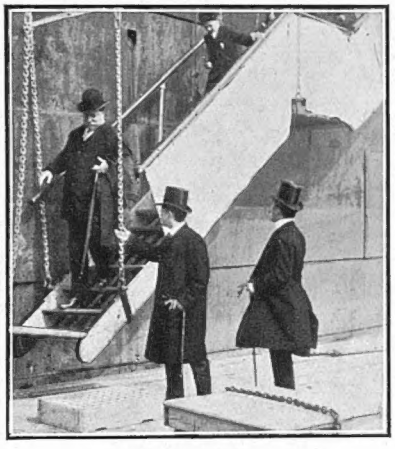
Our Photographs

Men of three widely different types adorn the page on which I write: all, however, may be described as "men who make haste." Señor Maura has, lately, been very busy threatening to resign, but he is now over in England, attending to the political side of his bright young Sovereign's business with us. Mr. Taft is now making haste to close up his business in the Philippines to visit —Berlin! But this is so sudden. Why Berlin, Mr. Taft? Who could ever have thought of such a place in sequence to Tokio and Manila, unless it can have been that Mr. Roosevelt. What pet scheme of his it is that takes the War Secretary post-haste over half the globe is more than, at present, I like to speculate upon.

* * *

Oil Trust Secrets Disclosed

Mr. William G. Rockefeller disclosed, under the raking fire of the Government counsel's cross-questioning, a secret hitherto carefully guarded from the general public —that the Standard Oil Company of New York conducts enormous business in loans to Wall Street houses, sometimes lending as much as $25,000,000 at a time. It acts as banker for the pipe line companies, and fiscal agent for many of the other subsidiaries of the Oil Trust. The fortune of Mr. William Rockefeller's father, it may be recalled, is estimated at some £40,000,000 sterling, while that of the great John D. Rockefeller, his uncle, is rated at £400,000,000.



Mr. Taft
United States Secretary of War leaving the steamship *Minnesota* at Yokohama. Mr. Taft's sudden departure from the Pacific to Europe, to pay a visit to Berlin, has aroused keen interest

* * *

A Nervous Rockefeller

That supreme trial of a man's nerves—the witness-box—has, it seems, proved disastrous even to a Rockefeller. Letters from America, describing the course of the Government suit to destroy the Oil Trust, declare William G. Rockefeller to have been almost overcome with nervousness in the witness-box. He twisted his heavily shod feet, fidgeted with his hands, and, during the hour that he was under fire, constantly wiped away the moisture which streamed down his face, although the temperature of the court-room was normal. This excessively nervous, prematurely bald, old-young man with the stubbly moustache, well-marked features, and massive frame, retained, however, sufficient acumen to profess a naïve ignorance concerning the details of entries for millions found on the Oil Trust books.

* * *

The King's Clubs

The King, though he naturally very seldom makes use of them, is a member of some thirteen clubs. The United University, the Royal Yacht Squadron, the Royal Thames Yacht, the Turf, the Hurlingham, the Garrick (of which, as Prince of Wales, his Majesty was once President), the Savage, and the Marlborough are the chief of the clubs on whose members' list the King's name appears. Quite the most exclusive—even more so than the Squadron and the Jockey Club —is the Marlborough. This Club was founded by the King himself in 1869. It is housed in a comparatively modest abode opposite the gates of Marlborough House, and its membership is limited to 500, with a subscription of ten guineas and an entrance fee of thirty guineas.

Photos supplied Illustrations Bureau

Mr. Wm. G. Rockefeller
Nephew of the Oil King, whose Trust has modestly confessed that it sometimes accommodates Wall Street with the trifle of five million pounds in a lump

When the King Was a Clubman

THE "MARLBOROUGH," WHICH HIS MAJESTY FOUNDED, AND OF WHICH HE IS STILL A MEMBER

A Corner of the Writing Room

The King's caricature by "Spy" will be seen between the two desks, one of which was generally reserved for the Royal use

The Dining Room

The Marlborough Club in Pall Mall

Photos] **The Reading Room** [*Ullyett*

Though the King does not, nowadays, frequent clubs, his name is still on the books of thirteen. For the Marlborough he retains special affection, for he himself founded it in 1869, and it is still an accepted rule that only those approved by his Majesty are elected. When Prince of Wales, the King used the Club a great deal the rule being that he should be unnoticed, and treated exactly as an ordinary member. The Club's appointments are simplicity itself

The Next-but-Premier Duchess

Exclusive Exclusiveness

The Club is furnished with that extreme simplicity which conceals exceeding luxury. In the writing-room, on the walls of which hang some of "Spy's" best caricatures, including one of the King himself, a table, very plainly and solidly appointed, is set apart for the King's own use. In the dining-room, a fine picture of a sea-fight hangs over the King's favourite table. The exclusive nature of the Club, which includes an unwritten law that every member should be personally known to the King, made it at one time possible for his Majesty to come and go entirely without notice or ceremony, just as an ordinary member. It was this very exclusiveness, however, which once recoiled rather markedly upon the unsuspecting head of the illustrious founder himself. The late Mr. Cecil Rhodes wished to become a member, and was duly proposed, but the great Empire-builder was rejected; since when, and his accession to the Throne, the King has only at the rarest intervals dined or lunched at what was once his favourite club. His Majesty, by the way, is excluded by his position from belonging to any political club.

* * *

The Duchess of Somerset

The Duchess of Somerset, who opened "Ye Olde Camberwell Fayre" on Wednesday last, ranks, next to the Duchess of Norfolk, above all the rest of the Peeresses. At the Coronation of King Edward, when there existed no Duchess of Norfolk, her Grace of Somerset took first place, and looked exceedingly imposing in her ducal Coronation robes. She is tall and dark, has the marked features of the Scots-woman, and is, like the majority of duchesses, eminently quiet-looking. Of late much given to good works and gardening, she was once an enthusiastic traveller. As Mrs. St. Maur, she and her husband, before he succeeded to the Dukedom, were more often out of England than in it, having ventured several times into uncivilised regions, where tents and a rug and their own culinary efforts took, perforce, the place of hotels and beds and a *chef*. The Duchess writes a little and paints a little in water-colours. She entertains seldom and always very quietly, and has no great bias for the social round, or the modern trend of thought and manner. She has no children, the Duke's brother, Lord Ernest St. Maur, being heir to the Dukedom.

Photo *K. Collings*

The Duchess of Somerset

The next-but-Premier Duchess. Her Grace opened "Ye Olde Camberwell Fayre" on the 30th ult.

* * *

"Queen of Beauty"

Of that Duchess of Somerset, who, as Lady St. Maur, acted the part of Queen of Beauty in the Eglinton Tournament, much has been said and written. It is not often remembered, however, that she was the originator of a small quip which is apt, even to-day, to raise at least the vestige of a smile. She was calling one day at a shop to inquire why some goods she had ordered had not been delivered at her house. Some mistake had apparently been made, and the order could not be traced. "May I ask," inquired an obsequious proprietor, "who took your Grace's order? Was it a young gentleman with fair hair?" "No," replied the Duchess, "it was an elderly nobleman with a bald head.'

* * *

Engagements of the Month

Mr. Caryl Baring, late of the Coldstream Guards, and since then A.D.C. to the General Commanding the Straits Settlements, whose engagement to Miss Ivy Firman is announced, is the youngest brother of Lord Ashburton, who married, last year, Miss Donnelly — a *Florodora* girl. Lord Ashburton only succeeded to the title in 1900. He has, however, already parted with much of the Baring treasure in the shape of no fewer than sixty-nine very valuable Old Masters and the best part of his rare old library. The Hon. Alex. Lawrence, who is to marry Miss Hobson, is the only son of Lord Lawrence, a barrister-at-law, and grandson of the famous Lord Lawrence of Indian Mutiny fame; and Mr. William Erskine, whose engagement to Miss Viola Dudley Ward is announced, is also of soldierly descent, his grandfather being that distinguished Indian officer, Colonel Erskine, who established his claims to the earldom of Mar and Kellie, and was succeeded therein by his son some thirty years ago.

Lady Tennant, who is to marry Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock, a nephew of Lord Avebury, is the mother of four little daughters, step mother to Sir Edward Tennant, Lady Ribblesdale, and Mrs. Asquith, and, since last year, the widow of Sir Charles Tennant, who had been married for half a century to his former wife.

The Matrimonial Market

Photo *Lallie Charles*

Photo *K. Collings*

Miss Nancy Lycett Green

Grand-daughter of Sir Edward Green and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Wilson, engaged to Mr. Adrian Rose, of the Blues

Miss Hobson

To marry, at Greenford on November 12, the Hon. Alex. Lawrence only son of Lord Lawrence

Miss Beauchamp

Eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp, Bart., of Langley Park, Norfolk, just engaged to Mr. Denis Kelly, 7th Hussars, only son of Mr. E. F. Kelly, of Hollington House, Newbury

Miss Viola Dudley Ward

Daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dudley Ward, engaged to the Hon. Wm. Erskine, of the Foreign Office, second son of the late Earl of Mar and Kellie

Photo K. Collings

Marguerite, Lady Tennant

Whose engagement to Mr. Geoffrey Lubbock is just announced

Photo *K. Collings* *Photo* *Bullingham*

The Buying Up of British Homes

£10,000 Damages

Yet another engagement of interest is that of the eldest daughter of Sir Reginald Beauchamp to Mr. Denis Kelly, of the 7th Hussars. Miss Beauchamp's mother is, of course, the celebrated Lady Violet Watt, daughter and heiress of the fifth Earl of Roden, who married Mr. Hugh Watt, ex-M.P. Mr. Douglas Cairns, whose engagement to Lady Constance Scott, daughter of the Duke of Buccleuch, is announced, is heir-presumptive to his brother, the present and fourth Lord Cairns. His niece, Lady Rosemary Cairns, the subject of our frontispiece, and one of the prettiest *débutantes* of the year, is the daughter of Olivia, Countess Cairns and of the second Earl Cairns, who died in 1899. This second Earl is still remembered, in Courts and places where breach of promise actions are discussed, as the Viscount Garmoyle against whom Miss Fortescue received no less than £10,000 damages in a famous breach of promise action.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Warwick House, St. James's Park

Sold by the Earl of Warwick to an American lady, Mrs. Dodge

* * *

The Amenable American "Poppa"—

There really seems no limit to the affability, amenability, and "shell-out-ability" (as a certain noble Duke calls it) of the average American paterfamilias with titled daughters. To the daughter playing a Peeress part on this side of the herring-pond, he is an ever-present help in times both of joy and trouble. How any single one of them would ever get along without "Poppa" at constant cable call, it is almost impossible to imagine. If one's noble husband gets fractious and talks of separation—a wire to "Poppa," and, under his paternal wing, a yachting trip or a motor tour is undertaken till things quieten down a bit. Does the noble, but dollarless, husband but ever so lightly kick against the pricks, it needs but a note from "Poppa," and the threat of financial stoppage soon "learns him to behave."

Photo *Lawrence*

British Homes for Americans: Tanderagee Castle, Co. Armagh

Leased by the Duke of Manchester to his father-in-law, Mr. Eugene Zimmermann, of Cincinnati

—And His Irish Estates

Mr. Eugene Zimmermann, of Cincinnati, father of the Duchess of Manchester, would appear to have outstripped in generosity even the generality of American parents. Not content with having provided the money (some £50,000) with which his ducal son-in-law and his daughter should purchase Kylemore, their second Irish seat, he has now bought it back again, or, rather, has acquired a twenty-one years' lease of it. Of Tanderagee, the Duke's chief Irish seat, Mr. Zimmermann has also acquired a lease, purchasing at the same time the furniture and other contents of both castles. He will reside at Tanderagee for a portion of each summer. Kylemore he will alternately let to compatriots or lend to his daughter, the Duchess. The Duke of Manchester has, for the first time for many years, no Irish seat. He has never had a Town house, and Kimbolton Castle, Huntingdonshire, is now the sole ducal abode. It is, by the way, of interest to note of what very mixed extraction as well as degree is little Lord Mandeville, the heir to these estates. His mother is a German-American, his grandmother a Cuban, and his great-grandmother (the Duchess of Devonshire) a Hanoverian, while paternally he is of the Anglo-Norman house of Montagu.

The "Lusitania's" Bigger Sister, the "Mauretania"

Lord Inverclyde (Director of the Cunard Company) going on board the "Mauretania" at Wallsend

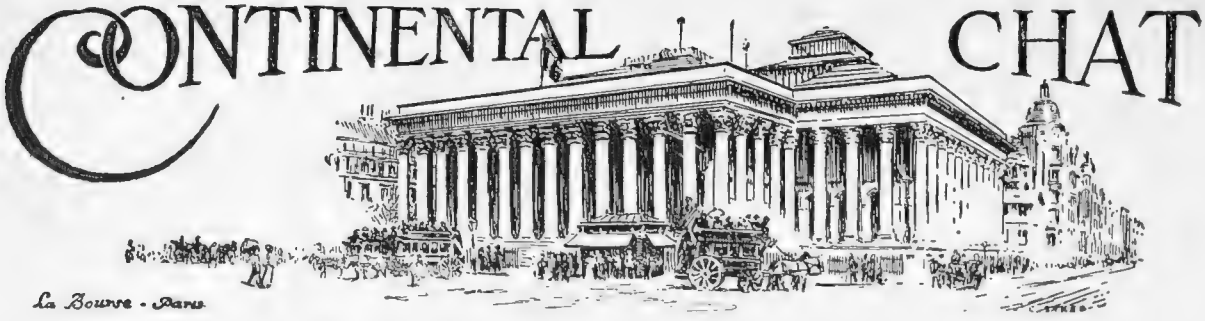
Lord Brassey on board the "Mauretania"

Photos *Coats*

The "Mauretania" Leaving the Tyne by Moonlight, on her way to Liverpool

The voyage of the *Mauretania* from the Tyne to the Mersey was the occasion of scenes of the greatest enthusiasm, both when the vessel left the Tyne, the river of her birth, and on her arrival in the Mersey, the river of her adoption. The trip around the north of these realms was a most successful one in every way, and though no official report was published, there is every prospect of the *Mauretania* being able to show a clean pair of heels to her elder, but smaller, sister, the *Lusitania*. The vessel is 790 ft. long, and her extreme breadth is 88 ft., while her height, to the top of her mastheads, is 216 ft. This magnificent floating city provides accommodation for nearly 3,300 persons

CONTINENTAL CHAT



The "Camarilla" and the Kaiser's British Visit

That the Kaiser's visit to England should coincide with the awkward exposures of the Moltke-Harden case, and with the Bülow-Brandt case now coming on, arouses some curiosity as to the British reception of the Imperial guest. Frenchmen (I write this week from Paris) more than suspect that the reception will be as cool as is possible with so effusive and easily infatuated a public as the British. It had been half feared that the London crowds, in their usual fatuous fashion, might, at the sight of the great man in the splendour of his uniform, forget the trouble he has caused them these ten years, and yell themselves unusually hoarse—that they might even go to the length of trying to say "Hoch." These fears are now at rest. Though Britons will not, of course, be unkind enough to suspect the Kaiser of any complicity with the Liebenberg orgies, "judge a man by his friends" has always been one of their favourite misquotations. The fact that, for seventeen years, the mystic Eulenburg has been the power behind the Throne, and that poor Von Moltke and others have been tacitly convicted of misconduct, is quite enough to provoke comments as nearly caustic as is possible with the crowdsman.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

THE FIERCE LIGHT THAT NO LONGER BEATS ABOUT A THRONE

Prince Philip zu Eulenburg

Late King-Maker-in-Chief to the German Empire

However, much may happen during the ensuing week to alter this forecast. The orgies of enthusiasm over the presence in London of actually two Royal babies may drive all thoughts of the *camarilla* out of the British mind, and at least a portion of gush may be extended towards the Kaiser and Kaiserin, who, after all, have themselves done well enough in the domestic line.

* * *

The Future of German Policy

By this time, about as much has been said as need be about the *camarilla*. The question now before us is, How far is the Kaiser strong enough to cleanse the Augean stables? Favouritism evidently courses as fiercely through his veins as through those of any King that ever was, and that is not easily eliminated. Who is to say that on the ashes of one *camarilla* may not arise yet another, and an even worse one? It is quite evident that the Kaiser has no inherent love for the statesmen of the "blood-and-iron" type. If any "blood and iron" is needed he likes to provide it himself, in his own picturesque way. Therefore is it unlikely that the Wilhelmstrasse will, during the present reign, be guided by a strong hand. As Bismarck, Caprivi, Hohenlöhe, and Von Bülow have, in turn, discovered, there is no room for two Wills under the present *régime*. The only hope is that, while in England, the Kaiser may derive some wholesome impressions. Admittedly, the diplomatic war which began with the Krüger telegram, and had its battle-fields in Turkey, in China, in the Transvaal, in Venezuela, in Russia, and in Morocco, has resulted in victory all along the line for Britain, which, isolated at the outset, is now firmly entrenched behind alliances with half the great Powers. It may occur to the Kaiser to inquire how it has been done, and the answer will be: the Constitutional system of Government, by which foreign policy is in the hands of independent and experienced statesmen, above cliques and *camarillas*, responsible to Parliament, with a King who realises and respects the limitations of his office.

* * *

The Græco-Bonaparte Wedding

It seems that it is owing to a discreet suggestion of M. Pichou, French Minster of Foreign Affairs, that the marriage of Princess Marie Bonaparte will take place at Athens and not in Paris as was originally contemplated. In the ordinary way, a marriage between a Royal and a non-Royal personage would take place at the home of the former. The Roland Bonaparte family, however, is, in current International etiquette, treated as being on the Royal level, and there would have been no departure from this etiquette if the marriage had taken place in the regally appointed palace in the Avenue de Jena. Prince Roland Bonaparte lacks distinction in his dress, and has remained faithful to the wide open collars of the *Boulevardier* of twenty years ago; unlike the scions of monarchical houses of longer pedigree, he has no craving for passing the crowd *incognito*. Most Royal personages seem to enjoy being taken for anything but what they are; even Oscar of Sweden, in spite of his burgher origin, enjoys being taken for a farmer. The stories of the Crown Prince of Germany,

Queen Maud, and others in the same spirit, are well known, but Roland Bonaparte belongs to the *genus* which thoroughly enjoys its position. I do not say this as a reproach, for he lives up to his rank, and a more charming host and a pleasanter house to visit does not exist in Paris.

* * *

The Bourbon-Orleans Alliance

How a Royal marriage can ever be sentimental is a question which an intelligent observer naturally asks when the special correspondent dilates on the exceptional romance of each successive event of this kind. In the case of Prince Charles of Bourbon, the birth of a direct heir to the Spanish Throne has, no doubt, allowed him some freedom in his choice of a wife. It is well known that the engagement has been postponed several times. The fact that the Spanish Government is extremely anxious to be on good terms with the French Republic is probably a sufficient explanation for the discouragement of a match which might have exposed the Spanish Throne to distrust on the part of the Republic.

Princess Louise of Orleans has inherited her mother's love for Spain and things Spanish. She does not object to gracing a bull-fight with her presence — which, by-the-by, is essential to the enjoyment of popularity in Spain. The picturesque in Spanish character and manners appeals to her, as it does to all who visit the bypaths of that grand old country. Even, some years ago, when her brother's medical adviser, a well-known French doctor, solicited the honour of taking her photograph to place among his pictures of celebrities, she acceded to his request only on condition that she could wear the costume she liked best. To the doctor's astonishment, she appeared in the attire of a Spanish gipsy! And a very charming gipsy she made. When Prince Charles married King Alfonso's sister and became the presumptive Prince Consort, it will be remembered what an outcry there was in Spain at this Royal lady's choice. Now all this has passed, and the Prince has endeared himself to the Spaniards by showing himself to be, at least, one of them. Like King Alfonso, who is very fond of him, he is an ardent sportsman, and is as fearless and courteous now as he was reckless and overbearing as a youth.

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Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza

The trend of events in Portugal draws attention to the personality of the "Legitimate Pretender," the Duke of Braganza, who was recently waited on by a representative deputation asking him to be "in readiness." The Duke, who lives at the Château of Seebenstein, in a finely wooded park, two hours from Vienna, is styled by his followers "The Hope of Portugal." An ardent sportsman, a big-game hunter, widely travelled, and widely read in many languages, with an extensive knowledge of men and things from many standpoints, kind-hearted and witty, the Duke, who is Colonel of Hussars in an Austrian regiment, is popular wherever he goes. He is a friend of King Edward, and knows England well, though he almost always comes here *incognito*. He is a great favourite also with his relatives, the German and Austrian Emperors. For two or three seasons, as Count de Neiva, he hunted with the Meath and Kildare Foxhounds, and is still a member of the Ward Union Stag Hunt. Since his mother, the venerable Dowager Duchess of Braganza, has taken the veil, and entered the Convent of St. Claire, near Ryde, the Duke hunts with the Isle of Wight Hounds. He is a good-looking man of fifty-four, and his six sisters were all noted beauties. By his first wife, a niece of the Empress of Austria, a Princess of Thurn et Taxis, he had two sons and a daughter. By his present wife, a Princess von Loevenstein, he has four daughters.

Photo *Adèle*

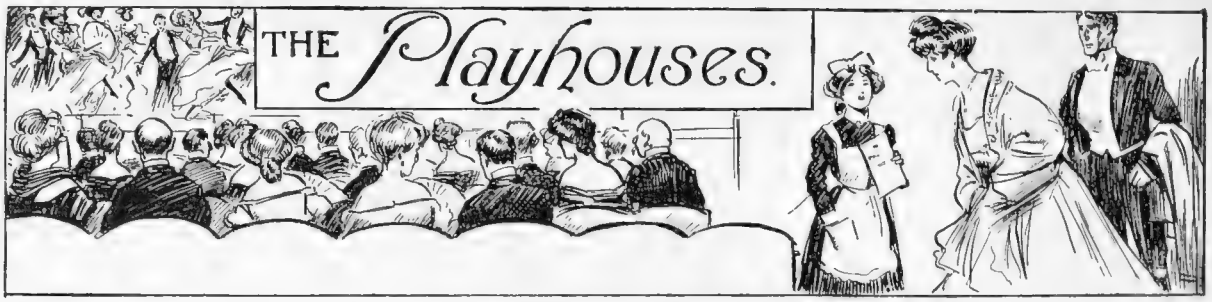
Portugal's "Legitimate Pretender"

Dom Miguel, Duke of Braganza, styled by his followers, "The Hope of Portugal," lives near Vienna, and is a Colonel in the Austrian Army. He is a great sportsman, and frequently visits this country *incognito*, when he hunts with several well-known packs

* * *

La Loie Fuller

Few people know Loïe Fuller otherwise than as the inventor of the application of electricity to dancing. Those few, however, who do, know her as one of the most fascinating conversationalists they have ever met — the friend of many of the most eminent men of science and letters in America and France. Among her best American friends is Edison, and among her French friends she can count the very greatest, such as Anatole France, Claretie, and Laligue, the founder of the so-called modern style in decorative art, who borrowed his first ideas from her wonderful dance effects. The late Pierre Curie worked with her in the application of radium in stage production. A little *partie carrée* with Loïe Fuller, and the otherwise silent Rodin, is a treat not to be missed. Her French, defiant of the rules of prosody, is delightfully picturesque, and she manages to make her meaning perfectly clear without the assistance of either a large vocabulary or much grammar. No wonder her reminiscences, which will, I have just learned, appear shortly, have been snapped up by M. Juven, the well-known publisher, it is said, for a very large sum. Her latest appearance, in the title-part of M. Robert d'Humière's new drama *Salome*, is the result of the combined researches of a number of eminent experts. The *Théâtre des Arts*, where this play is given, situated on the Boulevard des Batignolles, is being financed by an English company and managed by an English lady of considerable experience and talent.



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

THE COURT THEATRE

"Lady Frederick"

Miss Ethel Irving has followed the lead of Miss Marie Tempest. In *Lady Frederick*, the new comedy by Mr. Somerset Maugham, Miss Irving demonstrates her right to be ranked among the foremost of our comedy actresses. Her success was so pronounced that we cannot imagine her returning to musical comedy. She may, indeed, flirt with the old love, as Miss Marie Tempest has done, by singing an occasional song in a play, but after her performance as Lady Frederick, it is impossible to conceive Miss Irving dancing round the stage in a ludicrous imitation of a barn-yard fowl.

Mr. Maugham's play is one which chiefly concerns itself with the development of the principal character —Lady Frederick, to wit. She is a lady with a past, which Lady Mereston, who has a very eligible son, thinks a discreditable one. She is rash, and impulsive, and Irish. She has been mixed up in affairs out of which a woman as fascinating as she can hardly hope to escape without a smirch to her character. The play is concerned with the attempts of Lady Mereston and her brother, Mr. Paradine Foulds, to get Lord Mereston out of her clutches. Mr. Paradine Foulds is a typical French *raisonneur*. He himself has had an affair with Lady Frederick, and emerged from it with the laugh very much against him. Mr. Paradine Foulds and Lady Frederick are delightfully frank with each other. It is war to the knife between them, but the campaign is carried on in such a fashion as to lead the unsophisticated playgoer to suspect that peace will be made at the church door. They are a delightful couple. They fence and spar in the manner of people who are really very fond of each other. Circumstances alone have made them enemies, and it is only a question of time when their feelings towards each other will force them to drop the mask of enmity.

Photo *Rita Martin*

Miss Elaine Inescourt

A young actress quite new to London, who has made a most promising *début* in *The Mollusc*, at the Criterion Theatre

A Clever Scene

The comedy of the play lies in the fact that Lord Mereston is delivered out of the hands of Lady Frederick, not by his mother, nor by his uncle, Mr. Paradine Foulds, but by Lady Frederick herself. The whole of the third act is devoted to the freeing of Lord Mereston, and a very delightful act it is. The lady makes an appointment with him for ten o'clock, when he is to come and receive an answer to his proposal of marriage. Lady Frederick enters in a dressing-jacket, and, sitting down before her mirror, proceeds to make up her face. For a good twenty minutes, I should think, conversation is entirely one-sided. Lady F. manipulates the coils of hair lying all over her dressing-table, wields the hare's foot and the eyebrow pencil, the while she chirps merrily to her youthful admirer. His disgust, against which he bravely struggles, and his disillusionment may be imagined. It is a very cleverly written scene, and very cleverly played. Finally, Lord Mereston is sent away with a sisterly kiss.

Now that the mission of Mr. Paradine Foulds has been fulfilled by the very person against whom he is acting, he can afford to drop the rôle of enemy. Unlike his own nephew, he is not dismayed by the revelation of the secret of the toilet, and so all ends happily.

The Cast

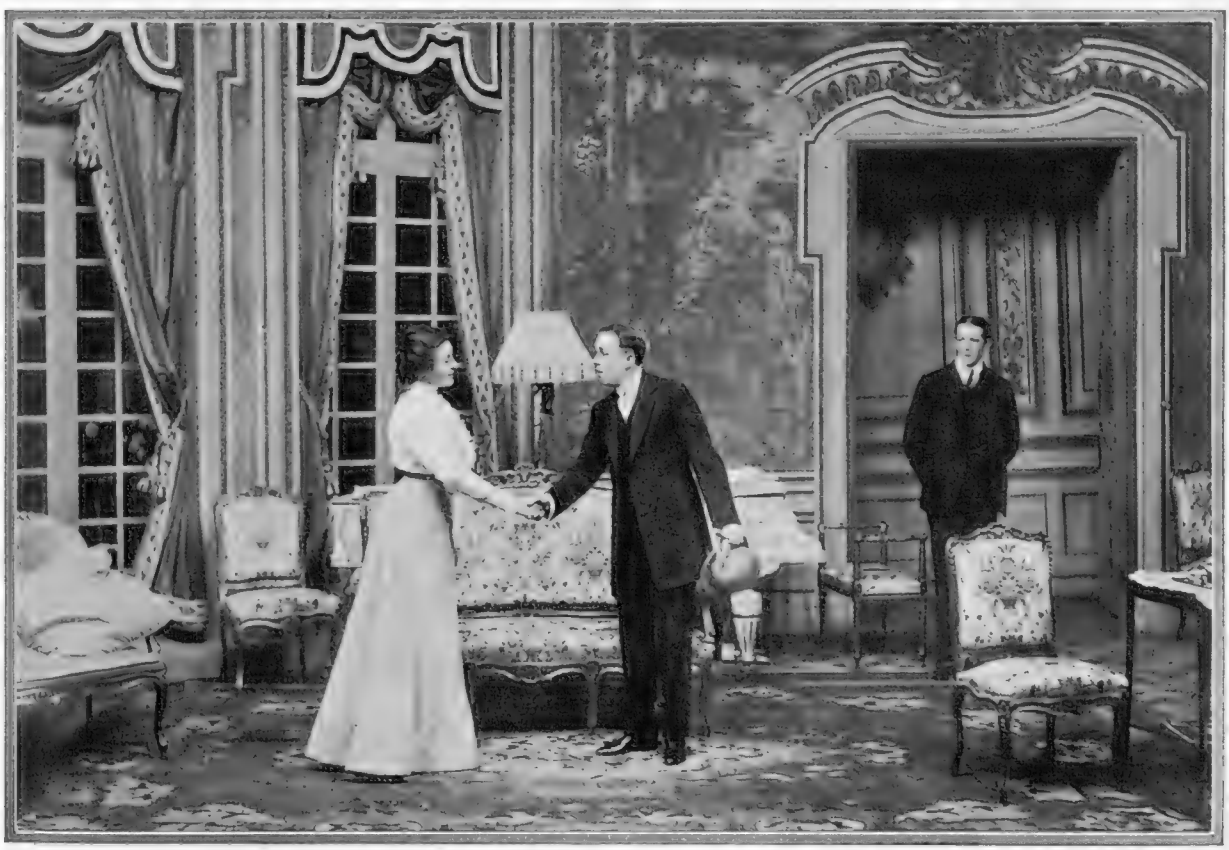
Mr. C. M. Lowne (Paradine Foulds) and Miss Ethel Irving literally carried the play upon their shoulders. To them fell all the best situations and all the most telling lines; and in the play there are plenty of each. Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore gave a clever study of the very polished and gentlemanly villain, Captain Montgomery, whose father was a Jewish moneylender. The Captain holds the bills of Lady F., who is always in debt, and makes an

"The Education of Elizabeth" at the Apollo

Miss Miriam Clements (*Elizabeth Banks*) Mr. Marsh Allen (*Harry Fairfax*)

ACT. I. ELIZABETH—BEFORE EDUCATION: A WILD YOUNG WOMAN

Mr. Lawrence Grossmith (*Reggie Hankey*) Mr. Charles L. Lane (*Parsons*) Miss Lettice Fairfax (*Lily Kerr*) Mr. H. V. Esmond (*Whitby*) Miss Florence Lloyd (*Blanche Macyntyre*)



Photos] ACT II. ELIZABETH—AFTER EDUCATION: REFORMED OUT OF ALL RECOGNITION [*Dover St. Studios*

Miss Miriam Clements (*Elizabeth Banks*) Mr. Lawrence Grossmith (*Reggie Hankey*) Mr. Marsh Allen (*Harry Fairfax*)

Harry Fairfax is in love with Elizabeth Banks, an actress in musical comedy, and, with the aid of his good-natured sister, Lucy Middleton, he takes steps to have her educated up to his position. The result is distinctly disappointing to Fairfax, for she develops into a blue-stocking and a prude. Her *fiancé's* ardour, therefore, cools, with the result that Elizabeth decides to run away with an undesirable gentleman named Whitby. She, however, repents and flies to Bloomsbury, where, in due course, Harry turns up and "all is forgiven"

attempt, of course, to use these bills in his suit for the hand of Lady Frederick. The modern villain is a pleasant creature. He does not raise his voice and lose his temper, neither does he hiss threats in the heroine's ear. His demeanour is such that anyone out of hearing might imagine he was discoursing pleasantly upon the weather. When Captain Montgomery is finally cornered, there is nothing approaching a "scene" (in the old-fashioned sense of the term). Mr. Foulds indicates politely the window and the door in turn. Captain Montgomery, with a charming smile and words to the effect that the door is the most convenient way of egress, takes his departure. *Lady Frederick* is in every sense of the term a modern comedy. The characters in the play act exactly as we should expect to find them act in real life.

Photo *Beresford*

Miss Edyth Olive

Now playing Phèdre at the Savoy, in *Medea*, Gilbert Murray's translation of Euripides' tragedy. She is the wife of Mr. Arthur Applin, the author and dramatist

DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

"Miquette"

Miquette et sa Mère was the rage in Paris. It is to be feared that the English adaptation will not have the same inflammatory effect upon the Thames as did the original upon the Seine. Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox's version has, to use a nautical expression, missed stays. At no point in the play do the performers seem to grasp where they are. They seem to be floundering about in the attempt to discover whether they are playing sentimental comedy or the wildest farce. Failure is always the result of the playwright omitting to give a "line" to his players. Once uncertainty creeps into the intonation and the gestures of the players, the battle for success is lost. *Miquette* has been transplanted into a soil which is choked with improbabilities. Only in farce do peers and their nephews contract alliances with small tobacco retailers and their daughters. But unfortunately for its future, *Miquette* is not played as farce except in spots. The play wants to be re-written and re-rehearsed. Played on different lines, it might succeed. Played as at present, there is little hope for it. Miss Pauline Chase was entirely over-weighted by the rôle of Miquette. She could not give a clear outline to the blurred portrait presented to her by the adaptor. Miss Rosina Filippi, clever actress as she is, was in the same plight. She could not make Mrs. Hickson, who keeps a tobacconist's shop, other than a ridiculous rôle. Mr. Dion Boucicault employed many airs and graces to make the Earl of Anchester amusing and life-like. He did not succeed. Mr. Robb Harwood won the only success in the play. His Roy Pincarton, the provincial actor, was a great piece of caricature. E. C. S.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

Mrs. Kitcat

The joint author, with Mr. Keighley Snowden, of a clever play, *The Whip Hand*, produced last week at the Kingston Theatre. She is the wife of Mr. S. A. P. Kitcat, for many years a member of the Gloucestershire Eleven, and a great-niece of Harriet Martineau

"The Whip Hand"

A new play, *The Whip Hand*, written by Mrs. S. A. P. Kitcat (wife of the former well-known Gloucestershire Eleven amateur and great-niece of Harriet Martineau) and Mr. Keighley Snowden, was produced at the Kingston Theatre last week. The story is that of a woman who, in her devotion to her career (that of a fashionable dressmaker) and her consequent neglect of her home and husband, all but succeeds in wrecking her own and her husband's life. She is a wife only from Saturday to Monday. In the interim, he is a bachelor in chambers in the Albany; she, "Madame Violette," of Gaul Street. Obviously, the world, in the person of a Bridge-playing, debt-ridden denizen thereof, Mrs. Stuart Manners (a part very cleverly, but a little over-emphatically, played by Miss Cecil Cromwell), puts a wrong construction on such unusual marital relations, and declines altogether to believe in the presence of the marriage tie. In the end, of course, love wins hands over, and the wicked are brought to naught. Meantime, however, there is a subsidiary love interest, charmingly written, and pleasantly played by Miss Irma Foldi as a wealthy American widow and Mr. Cecil Brooking as a sprig of English nobility. Well-written dialogue, indeed, is a distinguishing feature of *The Whip Hand*. At times it is brilliant; always it is incisive. Indeed, apart from a slight element of amateurishness, for which two a owed amateurs cannot altogether be blamed, and a tendency to a superfluity of words rather than a sufficiency of action; the play is a remarkable one. The story is human, shows keen powers of observation and insight into character, and the construction of the play reveals a practised rather than a novice hand.

French Plays in London

The play is an adaptation from the French by Mr. Cosmo Gordon-Lennox of MM. G. A. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers' "Miquette et sa Mere." In spite of the fact that the piece closes with virtue's triumph, the audience did not show quite the expected meed of appreciation

SKETCHED BY NORMAN MORROW

THE HUNT IN IRELAND:

Photo

THE MARQUIS OF WATERFORD LEADS THE

The Waterford Hounds hunt over the old Curraghmore country—a district about thirty by twenty miles

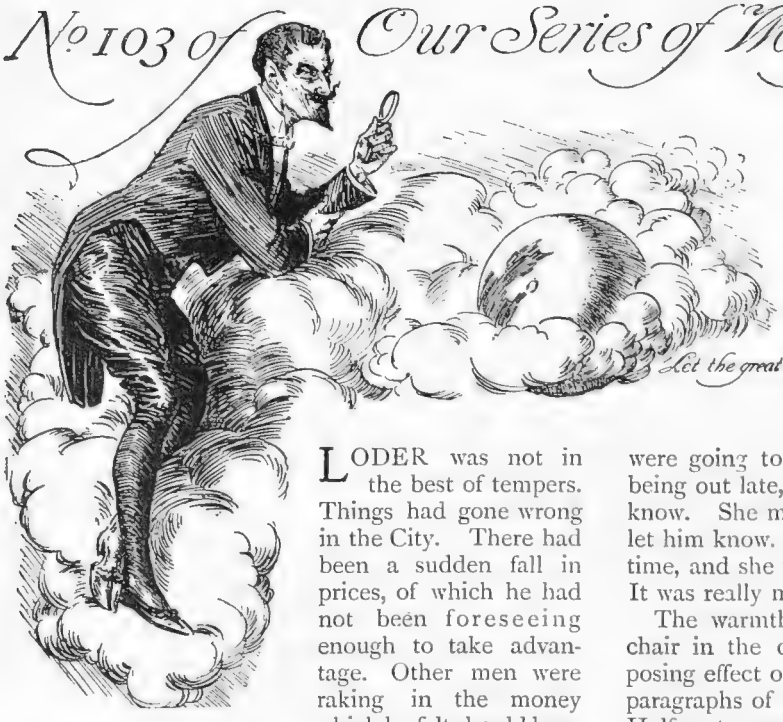
A MEET IN WATERFORD

E HUNT THROUGH THE MALL, WATERFORD

Poole

les in area. The Marquis of Waterford (Master) is seen at the rear of the hounds, on a dark horse

No. 103 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories



A Suburban Episode

By ROSE GARDNER

"Let the great book of the world be your principal study."—Chesterfield

LODER was not in the best of tempers. Things had gone wrong in the City. There had been a sudden fall in prices, of which he had not been foreseeing enough to take advantage. Other men were raking in the money which he felt should have been his. Then there had been a fog and the trains were late. When he got home the gardener was gone, and he particularly wanted to see the gardener about the re-arrangement of some geranium beds. Loder used most of the spare energy which other men spend in reading and amusement in arranging and re-arranging his garden. He did not work in it himself, but he went round it nearly every evening, with a spud in his hand and a gardener at his heels, to contemplate and discuss it. He would have called it discussing, though the gardener had learnt from long experience the uselessness of venturing an opinion.

Loder always ended with, "What do *you* think, Barnes?" And Barnes always agreed, since what he did think never made the slightest difference.

The thing that was annoying Loder at the moment was a collar-stud. His plump white fingers fiddled furiously to get it through an unusually stiff collar. He pushed and tugged. The collar gave way suddenly at one of the holes.

Loder never swore—he fumed. The collar was flung into the corner, and he noisily opened the door leading into his bedroom.

"Evelyn!" he called out querulously into an empty room. He went in and looked round with surprise. She had not been downstairs when he came in, and he had taken it for granted that she was dressing. The emptiness sent back his word with a foolish sound. He felt it as a fresh injury.

He went over to her dressing-table, covered with little silver things. It seemed to belong very particularly to her, to be almost symbolic. He picked up a penknife and drove it savagely into a pin-cushion. That relieved him a little. He stood turning over the collection of odd pins and brooches in a tray. Then he opened all the little drawers and looked in inquisitively. Finally, he glanced round with a certain complacency as he took in the undoubted richness of it all. Evelyn certainly understood how to do things. It was exactly the kind of room his wife ought to have.

He found a collar and went on with his dressing. The first gong sounded, and she had not come in. It was unusual. She was always careful to say if she were going to be out late. He did not mind her being out late, he assured himself, if only she let him know. She might just as well—it was no trouble to let him know. Yet here it was getting near dinner time, and she was out, and she had *not* let him know. It was really most aggravating.

The warmth, the soft rug, and the deep leather chair in the dining-room had not their usual composing effect on him. He glanced restlessly at odd paragraphs of the evening paper; then at the clock. Half-past seven; no sign of his wife, and no sign of dinner. He got up and fidgeted about the hearth-rug; stood with his back to the fire, his legs well apart, and his thumbs thrust into the arm-holes of his waistcoat. It was his attitude when he wanted to express a sense of injury met with a certain truculent self-assertion.

He was making up his mind to ring the bell. One of the things he disliked was speaking to the servants; he would almost as soon have gone into the kitchen. At last he pressed the button and waited nervously.

"Where's your mistress?" he inquired, as the parlourmaid appeared at the door.

"She's out, sir."

"Out? Where?"

"I don't know, sir. She went out this afternoon."

"Didn't she say she wouldn't be in to dinner?" He felt ill-used again.

"She didn't leave any message. Will you have dinner in, sir?"

"Yes," he curtly said.

He never felt quite comfortable having dinner alone. He did not know what to do with his eyes. The parlourmaid by the sideboard embarrassed him. But he would not dismiss her, and he would not read. He felt that some sort of state was due to his position.

It was with definite relief that he heard, as he finished his joint, the sound of a latch-key in the door. She came slowly across the hall and stopped in the doorway. He was suddenly pulled up in the middle of a peevish inquiry by her unexpected appearance as she stood in the shadow. Grey rings round her eyes intensified the whiteness of her face, which, in its turn, showed up the strongly marked straightness of her eyebrows. Her dark hair was lost in the gloom of a heavy veil, whose blackness, as it melted into the blackness of her trailing dress, gave a tragic air to the whole figure.

"Well, Evelyn, and where have *you* been?" he asked, after a moment of surprise.

She did not answer at once, but came with heavy steps across to the fire and sank into a chair. Then she said—

"To a funeral."

"A funeral! Whose funeral?"

(*Continued on page 278*)

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

A Serious Part for Once

Miss Marie Tempest as Margaret Verrall and Mr. A. E. Matthews as Lord Ronald in "The Barrier," at the Comedy Theatre

LORD RONALD: "Not a bad fellow—Marrillier"

In *The Barrier* Miss Marie Tempest is, for once, not in a comedy rôle—in fact, her part hardly contains a single smile. She nevertheless acquits herself well, like the consummate actress, comedy or otherwise, that she is

(*Continued from page 276*)

"Dr. Westley's." Her voice was cold and level.

"That old man!" He turned sharply round. "I didn't know he was dead," he bluntly added.

She seemed not to have heard. Her forehead rested on her hand, which shaded her face. He resented it, but could find nothing further to say. Besides, he was a little afraid of her mood. It was something new, and he did not understand it. It seemed to put him a tremendous way from her. It gave him a sense of superfluousness, and he did not like to feel superfluous.

Presently he said, in a hectoring tone, that he tried to make light:

"And where have you been to since, I should like to know?"

"Oh, I—I was tired. I went and sat in some recreation ground or other."

He gave a sort of grunt.

"Well, I think you might have arranged to be in to dinner," he complained. "Aren't you going to have anything to eat?"

"Oh, yes—I suppose so." She rose wearily, taking off her black gloves as she slowly left the room.

He went on with his dinner, the sense of superfluousness still upon him. After a minute, he muttered angrily:

"But she's my wife!"

That seemed to clear things for him. His frown lightened. A wife meant, for him, a woman over whom he had lawful control, whose very mind was to be his. He could not stand the idea of her having anything reserved from him. He would have called it wrong. His inquisitiveness became a principle. His views justified certain bullying. If he had lived in a circle where striking a woman was not thought cowardly, he would undoubtedly have beaten her to prove his superiority.

Since he could not, he tried to bring about the same result by a process of nagging. There had been times, however, during their five years of married life, when he had come up against her pride and had been beaten. One of the tensest struggles had been when she refused to let him open her letters.

He was more at his ease when she came down again, still in the high black dress.

"Why didn't you say you weren't going to be in to dinner?" He returned to the attack on his usual lines as she took her seat at the table.

"Haven't they treated you properly?" she asked, in an indifferent tone. In the circle of white light thrown by the silk-shaded chandelier, her face showed up in all its unusual pallor.

He stared at her.

"Treated me properly!" he blustered. "That's not the question."

"Oh, isn't it?" She did not show any interest as to what the question might be.

He sat for a minute with his mouth open; then, catching the eye of the maid, shut it with a snap.

She leaned on the table, rolling up and eating little pellets of bread. He noticed with annoyance that she did not touch anything else. Neither spoke till the parlourmaid had put the dessert on the table and gone away.

He dropped back in his chair, thrust his thumb into his waistcoat pocket, and looked at her. She seemed unconscious of his stare. Her chilling reserve of manner, the half-veiled misery of her expression, her black dress, stirred his resentment. After all, as he said, she was his wife.

"Why on earth are you wearing that awful black dress?" he began, in his bullying way.

"I like it." She refused to be accountable to him.

That opening led nowhere. "Well, I don't!" was all he could say. He tried again.

"I can't see why you come home here looking like a dying duck in a thunderstorm—and all about that old buffer. I never got on with him myself. I can't stand that sort of fellow. He was always talking about some of his ridiculous fads—Socialism, or science, or some rot. Rather bad form, I call it."

She gave a queer little, mirthless laugh. He snapped at her.

"What do you mean by that?" As she did not answer, he went on. "Really, you know, he did go a bit far sometimes. Why, he got talking *religion* here one day after dinner when you'd gone into the drawing-room. He actually began asking men their opinions about things. I can tell you I had to suggest pretty quick that we should join the ladies." He began reminiscently to crack nuts. Her hand, that had been fidgeting with her glass, became very still.

"Of course," he pursued his line, "I know he was a friend of yours—I can't think how you came to be so thick with him—but we all have to lose our friends, you know, some time or other, unless they lose us. *I've* lost friends myself. But I hope I have enough self-control to be able to bear it without going about making a walking scarecrow of myself, and being late for dinner. You've no right to! It's your duty to your friends—to me—to put a brave face on it, and not go about making everybody as miserable as yourself." He paused, then seized another point. "I don't like the idea of your going to that man's funeral alone, Evelyn."

She made a gesture of sweeping it away.

"Oh, good Heavens! It's all over now."

He contradicted. "No, it's not all over—not by any means all over. I'm not going to have it all over, d'you see? You ought not to have gone alone—your husband ought to have been there. Why didn't you tell me about it? You know perfectly well I'd have come. I'm not unreasonable. Didn't they notice I wasn't there?"

"I really don't know."

"I've no doubt they did—they must have noticed it." He supplied the answer himself. "Look here, Evelyn, I don't like this kind of escapade—an escapade, that's what it is"; the word pleased him, and he repeated it with appreciative emphasis. "You certainly ought to have asked me to come with you People will think it very odd. And not content with that, you come home late for dinner, in a black dress, with a face as long as a fiddle, and all about a stuck-up old idiot with a lot of disreputable notions. . . ."

She did not move, but her face flushed now for the first time. He blundered on with characteristic obtuseness."

"I try to be reasonable—I think I am reasonable. I think you should try to be reasonable, too!"

"It isn't a question of reasonableness," she said, in a stifled voice. Her underlip was quivering.

He poured out a glass of port.

"There you are again! Now I think it is eminently a question of reasonableness. Here's a man—a friend of yours—say an *old* friend of yours——"

Her height was towering suddenly above him.

"*You fool!*"

His chair shot away from the table. The effect on him was that almost of a physical blow. He gasped at her in a helpless way, with his mouth open.

"He was my lover—my lover for years before I married you! O, you fool!" broke from her in unbridled contempt.

(*Continued on page 280*)

A Charming Gay Gordon

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

MISS DORIS BERESFORD

Who is now appearing in *The Gay Gordons* at the Aldwych Theatre. She has recently been playing at the Gaiety Theatre

(*Continued from page 275*)

He received full in the face the look she gave him over her shoulder as she drew back towards the door. Before she reached it he had brought out slowly, breathlessly:

"Before—we—were—married——?"

Her fingers were on the door-handle.

"Yes—and after!" she desperately cried.

Loder sat still, just as she left him. There was a complete silence. The heavy stair-carpet, which always gave him such a pleasant sense of solid comfort, deadened her footfall.

His first coherent thought was that something had happened to him—he had never before experienced what it was to have anything happen. All the events of his life had been more or less expected and arranged. But here was something happening by itself, as it were, without any reference to him at all. He thought of himself in a detached way as some man in a book. It was an experience almost to be proud of. He seemed to himself to be thinking with extraordinary rapidity and clearness. He must get a divorce, of course. But, then, there was no evidence to go upon but Evelyn's own confession. Well, it would, no doubt, be easy to gather more evidence, and they might not offer any defence. He suddenly remembered that the man was dead. A divorce case with a dead co-respondent struck him as odd. A picture of the court with a ghostly figure in the witness-box flashed across his mind, and he laughed queerly.

The sound broke the spell of his detachment. He was brought back to the stupifying surprise of the present. He was overwhelmed with the utter unexpectedness of it. That his wife—the woman he had married—should be as other women of whom he had heard, whom he even knew, had never occurred to him. He had always, he told himself, taken the greatest care of her, had tried to direct the books she read and the plays she saw. The depth of deceit in her scorched his respectable little soul. This, then, was the woman he had treated with so much kindness and consideration, whom he had married without a penny, had surrounded with every luxury; on whom he had hung his money in the form of furs and even some diamonds. He paused to think of all the things he had done for her. Well, there should be no more of it.

And, after all, what could she have seen in that other fellow—a man with extraordinary ideas about several things. People said he was clever; Loder didn't think so; he thought him only rather mad. However, he took Evelyn in, it seemed. He used to talk to her a lot. Perhaps that was what she liked.

Loder had a sudden misgiving. Good heavens! was that what she liked. He himself never talked to her—except about the garden and the servants and the men in the train. He remembered now he had seen her reading books, the sort of books he called "deep," and that he hadn't taken much notice. He thought she had borrowed them just to glance at, as he might have done. Was it possible that Evelyn——?

He had never supposed that she cared for much more than nice clothes and acquaintances—and, of course, himself. He ought, perhaps, to have tried . . . the fault might not have been all on her side. Had she found him so intolerable that she had gone back . . .? He had a quick drop from indignation to humility.

After a while he was thinking again—what had he to talk about? He had read nothing serious for years. As a young man, he remembered, he had belonged to debating societies, had been interested in all sorts of questions. It might be possible to rub some of it up again. Then he and Evelyn could talk in the evening. As he looked up, the light that came pink through the silk shade showed a new emotion struggling through the accustomed dullness of his face.

He had not been fair to his wife; he was sure of that now. But then he had not understood. He would explain to her that he had never understood; he would tell her——

There was the rustle of a dress on the staircase. It reached the bottom.

He started up, leaning forward over the table in his eagerness as it paused outside the door.

Then it passed on across the hall. He heard the front door open and slam, and footsteps dying away down the garden path.

He dropped back a step or two to the hearthrug and planted his feet firmly, well apart. Quite naturally, his thumbs went up to the armholes of his waistcoat.

ROSE GARDNER.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Latest Phase of London's Traffic Problem!

At a bazaar held recently in aid of the Lancing Street Schools, Euston Road, the children appeared in various costumes, ranging from miniature policemen to fairies and Indian mahouts

The Opening Meet of a New Pack

LADY SLADE'S HARRIERS AT NORTH PETHERTON

The Meet at Maunsel House, North Petherton, Somerset

Going in to Breakfast

Passing Through North Newton

Photos *Dixon*

Making a Pictorial Record of a Memorable Day

Kennelled at Maunsel, near Bridgwater, Lady Slade's Harriers are a newly formed pack of fifteen couples, hunting two days a week. The new lady M.H. is a keen sporting Irishwoman, and is assisted in the management of her pack by her husband, Sir Cuthbert Slade, a famous rider across country

By Field, Stream & Covert.

The Regular Season Begins

Most of the opening meets are being held during the present week, but in some countries regular hunting is already in full swing. The Meynell, which has been described as the wealthiest and best-mounted Hunt in the kingdom, began the season on Monday of last week with a meet at Sudbury Hall. There was a brilliant gathering to meet Mr. Gerald Hardy, the Master, whose excellent services to the Hunt are freely and gratefully acknowledged by followers of the pack. Truth to tell, the hounds had for some years been deteriorating in quality before Mr. Hardy and his predecessor, Mr. Richard Fort, came into office. The Leedhams were good huntsmen, but old Charles was getting rather old for the work towards the end, and the need of new blood in the kennels was becoming apparent. It was a lucky thing for the Hunt that at this juncture Mr. Gerald Hardy, whose home-ties are all in the Meynell country, was induced to leave the Atherstone for his present pack. He is exceedingly keen on hound-breeding, and the beautiful pack which Charles Gillson (whose brother is the new Cottesmore huntsman) brought out for general admiration at Sudbury last week offered eloquent testimony to the success of Mr. Hardy's methods.

The Meynell's Opening Day

With a hard-riding field thirsting for a gallop in the open, it was disappointing to find that scent was not at its best, and, as is so often the case on an opening day, sport was indifferent. The briskest movements of the afternoon were a hunt from Demon's Holme, at Foston, past Scopton Church, the fox going to ground over the railway, while from Snipes Bed another fox was hunted by the River Dore and along the valley to Leathersley. He, too, was not claimed by the hounds, which had a narrow escape of being cut to pieces on the railway. Still, even if the start was not brilliantly successful, it is certain that the Meynell Hounds are in splendid form just now, having done wonderfully well during cubbing, and it promises to be a first-class season.

Lady Masters of Harriers

The management of a pack of harriers is an undertaking that a number of sportswomen have carried out with complete success, the smaller hounds usually involving less onerous responsibilities than foxhounds do. Most hunting people have heard of the smart pack of Bentley Harriers with which Mrs. Cheape has shown such good sport in Worcestershire, and won prizes on the flags at Peterborough. Almost equally well known are Lady Gifford's harriers at Chichester, while Mrs. Pryse-Rice's pack have a good reputation in South Wales. In Ireland, Miss Isa McClintock has been Master of the Tynan and Armagh Harriers since 1899, and her example is now being quite extensively followed on that side of the St. George's Channel, Mrs. John Garvey, Mrs. Loftus Bryan, and Miss Kate Rose-Cleland, each having arranged to hunt a pack of harriers this season.

Photo **Scotland's Fastest Trotter** [*P. P. A.*
"Dandy Boy," the property of Mr. Maxwell, of Wishaw

Lady Slade's New Pack

England, too, this year, has a new lady Master of Harriers in the person of Lady Slade, who has established kennels for a pack of fifteen couples at her home, Maunsel, near Bridgwater, and is hunting them two days a week. The daughter of Mr. Rowland Scovell, of County Dublin, Lady Slade has brought from Ireland all the enthusiasm for horses and hounds innate in so many Irish people. She has a good practical knowledge of hunting, and, no doubt, her project will prove successful, hares being plentiful around Maunsel, and the farmers very keen. Sir Cuthbert Slade acts as whipper-in to his wife's pack. He was formerly in the Scots Guards, and will be remembered as a brilliant rider over a country, having landed many important steeplechase winners. A. W. C.

A Run With the Meynell

"THE WEALTHIEST AND BEST-MOUNTED HUNT"

The Meet of the Meynell Foxhounds at Newborough

Left to right: Miss Heywood, Mr. Hardy, Mrs. Jelf, and Mr. R. Hardy

Chas. Gillson (*Huntsman*)

Mr. Gerald Hardy (*The Master*)

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Opening Meet of the Season at Sudbury Hall on Monday, the 28th ult.

The Meynell opened their season last week, on the 28th ult., with a brilliant meet at Sudbury Hall, under the Master, Mr. Gerald Hardy. A description of the Hunt appears on the opposite page

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books of the Week

"The House Prefect." By Desmond Coke. (Hodder: 6*s.*)
"A Modern Ulysses." By Justus Miles Forman (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)
"England and Germany." By Austin Harrison. (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.* net)

The efforts of several contemporaries to drag Mr. H. G. Wells into the anti-Socialist agitation, by attempts to convict him of the advocacy of "free love" and other awful heresies, are, quite naturally, arousing the ire of that distinguished writer. It is, certainly, a little startling to find oneself dragged into party polemics because of ideas one has expressed in one's novels. Because in "In the Days of the Comet" Mr. Wells conceived, as one of the results of a miraculous "change" in the human character, a condition in which men and women dwelt together without the marriage tie, is no reason whatever for accusing him of political advocacy of "free love." A man may dream of Utopian conditions who would be the last to advocate their immediate and violent introduction. There would be nothing inconsistent in a novelist who, in his novels, dreams the wildest of revolutionary dreams for the improvement of man's social condition, voting straight Tory at an election, or joining the Primrose League.

A change in the "school story" is decidedly foreshadowed by Mr. Desmond Coke's *The House Prefect* (Hodder: 6*s.*) (one of a splendid series of seasonable gift books). In it one realises how altered is the public-school spirit since the days of Tom Brown. The story turns on the escapades of that incorrigible couple, Bates and Dillon, refractory and mischievous fourth-formers, and the attempts of their old colleague, Manders, to suppress them, once he had been made a "Pre." But there is such an element of calculation in the proceedings of the culprits, who are a couple of abandoned *poseurs*, and there is, over the whole atmosphere, such dignity, such reticence, such intense solicitude for "honour," that "Sefton" seems no end of a quiet, not to say dull, place. No wonder poor Raymond, the persecuted son of the "Head," cackles with joy when, after expulsion by his own father, he is allowed to go back to Rossall. Mr. Coke is, I know, an authority on the public school. But I doubt if Sefton is at all adequately representative. The punitive privileges of the Prefect are, I suggest, exercised very much more frequently and more violently, and life is, as a consequence, by no means so quiet for the hapless juniors as is represented. However, *The House Prefect* is admirable reading—more likely, perhaps, to appeal to the intelligent adult than the schoolboy himself, who would regard Seftonians as a stodgy crew, with their cant about public-school spirit, and their morbid and hardly healthy squeamishness about "honour."

Miss Corelli at a Literary Banquet

Miss Marie Corelli was given the place of honour to the right of the Lord Mayor at the sixty-eighth annual dinner and festival of the Newsvendors' Benevolent and Provident Institution at De Keyser's Hotel

How to Find Miss Corelli. *Cast eyes down figure of Lord Mayor (standing in centre, with beard) as far as the waist, then swerve slightly to left, where head of Miss Corelli (half behind fan) can be detected*

In *A Modern Ulysses* (Ward, Lock), Mr. Justus Miles Forman arranges an up-to-date itinerary for an amorously inclined American, compelled to leave home owing to an inadvertent murder, which, more or less, fits in with that of the old man of the Odyssey. He goes, as a pseudo cook's-mate, on a tour of the Mediterranean isles, in each of which he comes into contact with the inevitable Circes and Calypsos (he seems to have had extraordinary luck for so cold and uninteresting a youth!), finally running against his Penelope (from New York) itinerating her way around Venice. His fidelity to her, however, is way behind that of Ulysses, by comparison with whom our hero looks like fifty cents. After you come to the end of *A Modern Ulysses*, you tumble over some other short stories, which are very much better. Particularly *A Recruit of Diplomacy*.

Messrs. Sisleys have published the English translation of the German *Diary of a Lost One*, a book which, it is claimed, "has stirred the hearts of the German people—125,000 already sold." All I can say is that the hearts of the German people must be very easily stirred. What there is in this dull, ill-written chronicle of vulgar vice to appeal to even a German heart, I cannot conceive. Had the heroine been led to her career as the result of any evil social conditions, or as a result of masculine villainy, then there might have been some purpose in setting forth the story of her adventures. The "heroine," however, seems to have become a "lost one" as a result of natural predisposition. One's sympathy, therefore, is impossible, and as she is neither amusing nor instructive, one can only regret that a British publisher has thought it desirable to introduce us to her.

The political situation makes timely the appearance of *England and Germany*, by Austin Harrison (Macmillan: 2*s.* 6*d.* net)—a re-publication of some admirable articles which appeared last Spring in the *Observer*. The writer has been proved by subsequent events to have written his articles with inner knowledge, and can claim to have been one of the few British journalists to have thrown a light on the *camarilla* scandals before their ventilation in the German Courts. The chapters on "The April War Scare," on the relations between King and Kaiser, are of piquant political interest, while the rest of the book, dealing with German internal conditions, will be found highly instructive now that that country is so much in the British eye.

Private and Confidential is the title of quite an original little book, published by Messrs. Dean (1*s.*). The author has collected together a series of letters, purporting to have passed between various people in connection with various branches of work. As specimens of the kind of letters we all write, at times, to each other, these are exceedingly amusing. Probably few of us, when we penned our elaborate effusions, and patted ourselves on the back at their cleverness, suspected that they might form, one day, the contents of a humorous publication. V. C.

Mr. Charles R. Gibson has contributed *The Romance of Modern Photography* price 5*s.*) to the series issued by Messrs. Seeley and Co. Few would have been inclined to think that there was much romance about photography, but nearly all the essential discoveries have been accidental, and Mr. Gibson's sketch of the hopes and despairs and ultimate successes of Niépce, Daguerre, and Talbot makes quite exciting reading. To-day we press the button and "they" do the rest, but time was when an exposure was a matter of hours, and when the inventor eagerly scanned his exposed paper—negatives were first made on paper, not on glass—for never so faint a trace of an image. Sections of the book deal in attractive fashion with the bioscope, modern book illustration, colour photography, telegraphing photographs, and photography as an aid to the detection of crime, so that the field covered is extensive. The explanation of the complicated process of reproduction in colours is particularly lucid, and, indeed, the narrative is everywhere remarkable for its fluency and clear style. There are over sixty illustrations. H. F.

A National Monument in Danger

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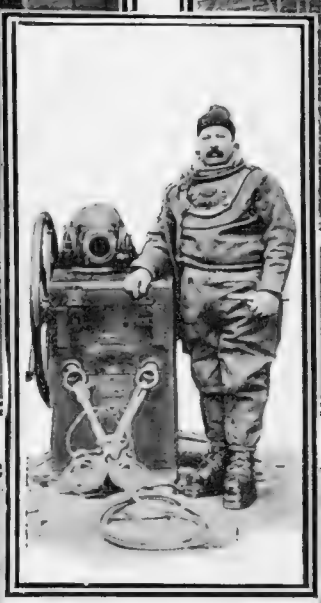
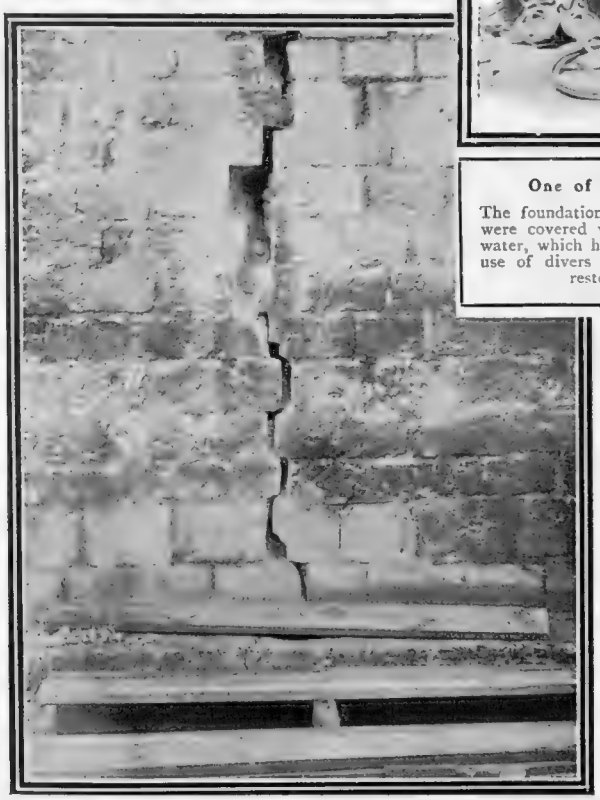
The Shored-up Wall of the North Choir Aisle

The West Front, as it now Appears



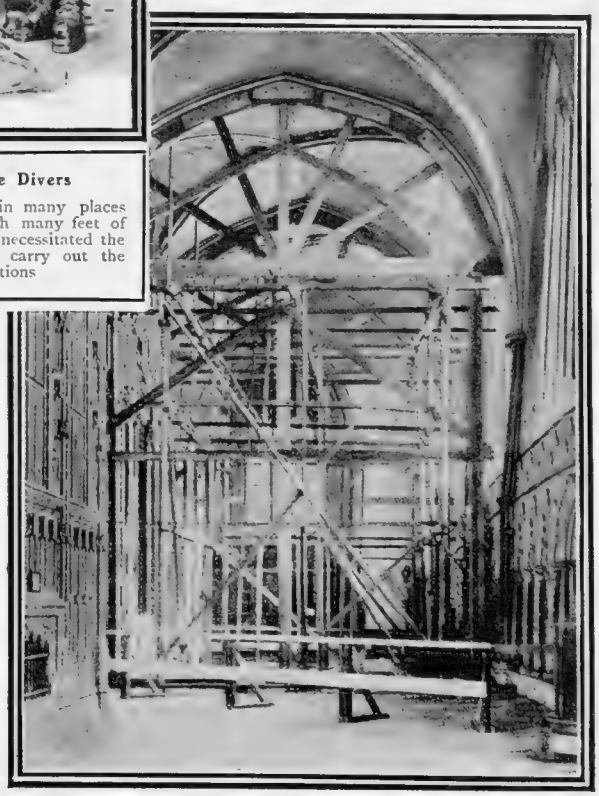
One of the Divers

The foundations in many places were covered with many feet of water, which has necessitated the use of divers to carry out the restorations



Photos *Green*

A Fissure in the North Transept Wall



The Scaffolding in the South Choir Aisle

Two years ago it was realised that urgent measures were necessary to preserve the ancient and beautiful fabric of Winchester Cathedral, an edifice more closely connected with the early history of the nation than any other in the country, Canterbury not excepted. At the time it was thought the needful repairs would amount to about £20,000, but once the work was begun it was found that the building was in a far more critical state than anyone had imagined. Already £27,000 has been spent, as a result of which the Crypt, Presbytery, and Lady-chapel may be pronounced safe, but to preserve effectively the building from the ravages of time, £58,664 is still required for the repair of the two Transepts and Tower, the Choir Aisles, flying buttresses, and the roof. This is not a matter of Diocesan interest, it is one that appeals to the whole of the English-speaking world, and it is to be hoped that generous aid will be forthcoming to save this great national treasure

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

Mr. Macdonald's Ideal Links

I am concerned to find that by some temporary (I hope) aberration of intellect I assigned the ideal course which Mr. C. B. Macdonald (who, by the way, has cordially accepted membership of the Rules of Golf Committee) is constructing in America to the vicinity of Chicago instead of to Long Island, its actual place in geography. Unlike the servant, I cannot plead forgiveness on account of the mistake only being a "small one," for a difference of some 2,000 miles, not to speak of the horrible offence of mixing up Chicago and New York, is, as the Americans would say, "a pretty bright specimen of a mistake." However, there it is, and I trust I have made due penance in the white sheet of this page. Further, I may perhaps be allowed to condole with the Chicago golfer on the absence from his daily surroundings of this monument of golf architecture, the presence of which in the near neighbourhood of New York must add another item to the many causes of jealousy between the two great cities.

The "News of the World" Tournament

The last great professional tournament of the year is over, and James Braid has brilliantly effaced the temporary eclipse under which he suffered at the Open Championship. It is pretty evident, from all the accounts of his matches, that after his first round, when he only beat Coburn by 3 and 1, after actually being 1 down at the ninth, he was the Braid of old, which, being interpreted, means that solid combination of steadiness and brilliance which has made him such a terror to his opponents during the last few years. This is the third occasion on which Braid has secured the valuable prize given by the *News of the World*, his two previous successes having been won in 1903 and 1905. We have, therefore, the following result of Braid's doings in match and score play since 1903: two Open Championships, in 1905 and 1906 respectively, and three *News of the World* tournaments. No other player in the professional ranks can show anything nearly equal to this brilliant record of the last five years, which conclusively stamps James Braid as the greatest master of both forms of the game at the present time.

A Brilliant Record

Braid playing in the *News of the World* Professional Tournament at Sunningdale. During the last five years, he has not only won this competition three times, the other occasions being in 1903 and 1905, but has also been Open Champion in 1905 and 1906, a professional record second to none

A Welcome Relief

I am always pleased when the *News of the World* Tournament comes round, for there is then a brief cessation of the scoring game so dear to professional hearts, and the true old match game comes by its own for a brief period. Golfers cannot be sufficiently grateful to the proprietors of the *News of the World* for thus forcing the great professionals to measure themselves like meaner mortals with their young rivals in a form of the game which admits of no excuse for defeat except the superior play of an antagonist. I am quite convinced that this tournament, which in intrinsic interest and value of prizes considerably overshadows the Open Championship, has been of the greatest service in keeping alive among the professionals a love for the older and truer form of the game. I deeply regret that, unlike Sir Boyle Roche's bird, I could not be in two places at once, for nothing would have interested me more than to see the giants of the game going for each other with the gloves off at Sunningdale. The result of the play proves that the older men, more particularly the triumvirate, can still maintain their pride of place, for the semi-finals were fought out by Braid, Taylor, Harry Vardon, and Ray, the latter being the only young player who survived to this stage.

Brilliant Play

The Taylor-Vardon match must have been a sight for the gods. It was, apparently, a ding-dong struggle all the way. Vardon was 1 up at the fifteenth, but during the last three holes he had to negotiate two of those baleful two-yard putts which have proved so fatal to him in recent years, and missing both, he allowed Taylor to squeeze home by one hole. Braid in the other semi-final gave Ray practically no chance, and won by 4 and 3.

The first half of the final between Braid and Taylor left them all square, the quality of the play being shown by their respective scores of 74 and 75, a truly magnificent performance in a critical match over such a long and difficult course as Sunningdale. In the afternoon, Braid asserted himself decisively, and beat his formidable opponent by 4 and 2.

I send my warmest congratulations to Braid, to whom this compensating success at the close of the season must be particularly gratifying.

ERNEST LEHMANN.

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RACING NOTIONS

THE CAMBRIDGESHIRE AND THE LIVERPOOL CUP. BY CARBINE

How Higgs Beat Maher

Like the Cesarewitch, the Cambridgeshire gave us a finish to be remembered. I shall always think of the race as having been won by Higgs's astute manœuvring. Higgs and Maher have had many a duel in the shape of a tight finish, and the verdict has so often gone in the American's favour that Higgs will be specially delighted to have outwitted him this time. Let me narrate the facts. Maher on Malua was holding the lead as the field swept along by the Bushes, and, looking carefully round, he saw that his race was all but won. Wide on his right he saw Higgs, with his whip up and apparently hard at work on Land League. Maher, therefore, was content to let his mount gallop along in front without hustling him. Suddenly Land League dashed out with a wonderful burst of speed as they came down the rather sharp descent. It must have been a surprise to Maher as well as to the onlookers. Higgs had been waiting for this moment. His apparently desperate riding had not been what it seemed, and was worthy of Fordham, the arch-deceiver. As soon as they came to the dip, he let Land League go for all he was worth. Quickly he had gained two or three lengths' lead of Malua. It was a march fairly stolen. Maher dashed out after the leader, but couldn't quite catch him.

The Winner of the Cambridgeshire—Land League (Higgs up)

Land League's Cambridgeshire

Thoroughly pumped out, Land League was losing ground at every stride and swerving away to the rails, but that electrical spurt down the hill just carried him home, and amid great excitement he scored by a neck. I was surprised to hear afterwards that Maher thought he had won, for there seemed to be very little doubt as to the result from the stands. Another three strides and Malua would have been in front, but the winning-post is *the* place, and it was there that Land League had the advantage.

Our Puzzling Two-year-olds

What are we to think of our two-year-olds after the extraordinary result of the Dewhurst Plate? Can we put Vamose down as the moderate colt his utter failure makes him out to be? And if we can, what about Lesbia, with whom he ran a dead-heat at Kempton? What, too, can we think of Ednam, who ran his race in snatches, and was badly beaten into fourth place? Again, how shall we rank Rhodora, who won the race splendidly after a great display of speed and stamina, whereas a fortnight previously she had been hopelessly vanquished by Lesbia and others? It is all hopelessly puzzling, and it seems that the classic winners of 1908 will want a great deal of finding. People had barely recovered from the shock of the Dewhurst Plate ere they had another amazing result, all "form" being absolutely nullified when Radium triumphed over The White Knight in the race for the Jockey Club Cup. The contest was run in absurdly short time, and Radium's superior speed stood him in good stead at the finish. Thus the result is regarded as a fluke, but I fancy Radium is a great horse just now.

Selections for Liverpool

Racing at Liverpool is of considerable interest and importance this week, the chief event being the Autumn Cup on Friday. I think this will be won by **Laodemia,** and the best things for places may be Cornfield and Violante. On Wednesday the Liverpool St. Leger may be secured by **Larig.** On the following day will be run the Grand Sefton Steeplechase, which is a sort of junior Grand National. We have very little in the way of recent form to guide us as to the present merits of jumpers, but **Extravagance** should win, if he is as good as he was last season. **Gold Riach** or the chosen representative from Taylor's stable is my selection for the Grosvenor Cup on the concluding day.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Not the Paddock at Brooklands, but the Visitors' Cars on the Cambridgeshire day at Newmarket last week

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HOCKEY

An Exhilarating County Match

Of the two county teams which met at Blackheath on October 30, Kent were the stronger on paper, notwithstanding the absence of their two "star" half-backs, the brothers L. M. and J. Y. Robinson; and they deserved their victory by 3 goals to 1 because their methods of attack were more scientific than those of their opponents. But if the hockey of the Sussex side was less correct, it was eminently strenuous, and the team almost made up in individual merit for what it lacked in the matter of combination. Rushing tactics, if executed with a reasonable amount of skill, are always hard to combat, and if the Kent defence had been less thorough, it might have broken down altogether in the second half, during which, on the actual run of the play, Sussex were more often the aggressors than not. But as it turned out, Kent established their 3—1 lead in the first half and managed to keep it to the end of the second, thanks to the skill of three Blackheath men—Beasley (in goal), Kidd (back), and Tennent (centre-half); while in Fooks, of the Old Augustinians, who was an eleventh-hour choice, Kidd found quite a reliable partner at back. In attack, the best work was done by the three inside forwards, Burrell, Allen, and Kendall. The two outsides, Metcalf and Gay-Roberts, were less convincing; but it must not be forgotten that the latter was playing out of his place. On the Sussex side, Thorowgood in goal was quite as clever as Beasley, and proved himself to be the possessor of a good eye by stopping a hot one from Burrell with a left-handed lunge of his stick; while P. E. Hill played a dashing, if somewhat selfish, game at centre-forward. But the man who attracted the most attention was J. K. Matthews (Worthing), because he is a young player of distinct promise, with an intuitive knowledge of hockey. He hit the losers' only goal from outside right in the first half, and, although the experiment of moving him to inside left in the second did not lead to any more scoring, it was quite worth trying. It is noteworthy that Blackheath and Brighton each supplied six men to their respective counties.

Kent v. Sussex: Hockey at Blackheath—Kent passing

Though L. M. and J. Y. Robinson were absent, Kent beat Sussex by 3 goals to 1 at Blackheath last Wednesday. During the second half, Kent had to work hard to keep their goal intact, and some excellent play was seen

Lady Lawgivers

I cannot help feeling rather sorry that the Women's Hockey Association has started legislating "on its own," especially as I am unable to announce my unqualified approval of its maiden effort. It has decided to bar stick-hooking, with the avowed object of making the game less "dangerous" for women. This is all very laudable in its way, but—is it hockey? The effect of the new enactment will, I fear, be somewhat startling. For instance, what is a half-back to do if a forward gets past her? I take it that she must run after that forward, overtake, and even outrun, her before she can legitimately attack her again, which thing, if the forward is at all speedy, takes some doing. Probably,

Photos] **Middlesex v. Surrey at Richmond: Middlesex scoring a try** *[Dixon*

Primarily owing to the failure of their forwards, Surrey were badly beaten by Middlesex by 32 points, the score being 3 goals (1 dropped) and 6 tries to nil

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The Croydon v. Finchley Lacrosse Match: A clever clear by Finchley

The Croydon *v.* Finchley match, played at Croydon on Saturday, resulted in a draw of 8 goals all

if she is a wise woman, she will leave the job to someone else who may, or may not, be forthcoming, and it looks to me as if a wing-forward with real pace—like, say, Miss Theed—is going to have a pretty good time. There are only a very few outdoor games or sports in which women can compete with men on terms of actual equality; but there are more than a few in which women can, at any rate, emulate men, proceeding exactly upon men's lines. Any growing dissimilarity between the rules of hockey and the rules of hockey as played by women must necessarily mean that hockey, *per se*, is not a suitable game for women—a proposition with which, I am sure, a great many women hockey players would not agree.

RUGBY FOOTBALL

"Poor Old Surrey!"

People who are enamoured of the cry, "Poor old Surrey!" never seem able to get it off at the right time. We uttered it feelingly on October 16, right up to the time of the kick-off, and behold! Surrey set to work to beat Devon, in a match which abounded in good football, by a goal to nothing. Accordingly, we went down to Richmond on October 30 in the expectation that, although Surrey were not at full strength, they would, at any rate, make Middlesex go all the way. But we were wrong again. This time it really was a case of "Poor old Surrey," for they were beaten by no fewer than 32 points to nil. And yet the explanation is really simple. It was the old story. In the one case, the Surrey forwards were a bit on top; in the other, they weren't—by something more than a bit. And that made all the difference. Superiority forward enables backs to play an attacking game, and so long as the attack can be kept up they are all right. But I have noticed over and over again that directly the necessity for a defensive game arises, and the backs are kept hard at it repelling attacks, their strength as an attacking force, even where a most likely opportunity arises, is reduced by more than half.

London Scottish v. Blackheath

It has come to be regarded almost as traditional that when the London Scottish play at Blackheath they never show their best form, and on Saturday, although they won, it was not a very convincing victory. It is curious how in some "class" matches all the best features of the Rugby game come out, while in others the play is nothing but a succession of tiresome scrambles, with much whistling by the referee necessarily interspersed. Saturday's game was very largely one of the latter kind, and I should be inclined to say that the reason of it was that the Scottish, though stronger forward, were weak (by comparison) at half. When a side is continually getting the ball and heeling it to halves who are repeatedly being smothered before they can get a move on a lot of loose scrummaging and scrambling is bound to occur. The Scottish forwards had the advantage of their Blackheath rivals in everything except sheer weight, and Blackheath had mainly to thank their two halves, Mainprice and Purdon—the latter, by the way, is the crack Irish half—for the fact that their line was only crossed once. With a couple like these two on their side, instead of against them, I believe the Scottish would have run up quite a big score. On the other hand, the result was, on the whole, encouraging to Blackheath. Mainprice is at his best, Purdon is an acquisition, and Finlison is evidently going to make his mark in his new place on the wing; but the forwards, though they are a powerful lot and work their hardest, are not good at getting the ball and sending it out smartly.

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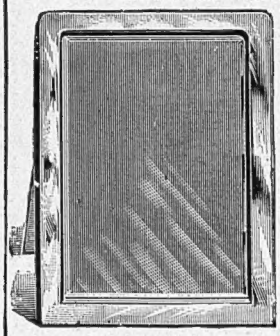

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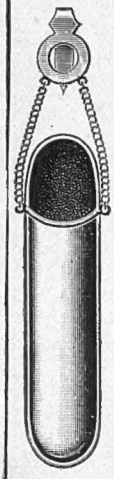

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By Mrs. JACK MAY

I have come to a definite decision. I have completely done with the big hat in its present drooping, dragged-back condition. This is by no means a sudden conclusion; it has been arriving for some time, and when there remained no shadow of a doubt in my mind, I sallied forth—being in no sort an iconoclast—to see what would actually arise from the ashes of the *démodé* thing. Initially, I met a little soft turban of very good felt, in the approved French mustard shade, to which a becoming width was imparted by a sweep across the front, a trifle to the left, of a black bird with an impossible number of malleable wings, while the right side of the brim was forced to a corresponding angle by a long cut jet pin. That was all, if you except an exceedingly large black chenille spot veil, and a following purchase of a feather boa to correspond with the felt, the whole designed to accompany a smart black face-cloth gown. However, the effect was most excellent.

Some *chapeaux* of another order to cross my line of vision recently were some capital fur hats, built on the lines of the soft stitched tweeds, and verily as light and as easy to manipulate as the latter. Primarily designed to meet motoring needs, these fur fancies are far too attractive to be monopolised by one contingent. The treatment is a jealously guarded secret at present, but this much is clear, that the process comprises some moulding manipulation, whereby everything in the shape of a foundation is dispensed with. At present, a bizarre feather mount suffices for decoration.

The Maison Paquin

Talking of furs reminds me that the famous house of Paquin recently supplied the proprietors of *Le Figaro* with some exceptionally interesting facts in connection with their fur trade, which this paper has presented to the world in the form of an illustrated supplement.

How few women there are who, enveloped in their costly sables and sealskins, suspect the hardships that these possessions have entailed, to say nothing of the frequent dangers and long weary months of travelling. One learns in this vividly written account how one of the most noted fur markets is Irbit, whither M. René, the noted expert and judge to whom Paquin entrusts all fur purchases, travels yearly in February, the heart of the winter, crossing the Siberian Steppes in sledges and encountering innumerable privations in the great cause of Fashion. Nor does the responsibility cease there on arrival, the subsequent buying often entailing days of patience, for the people of Irbit are primitive beyond all believing, and only realise the solid exchange of money. Credit is an unknown quantity; at the same time every effort is strained to make the most of the opportunity, the skilled eye, however, quickly detecting the prize skins, and their true marketable value. And there is no question, I believe, but that, in this respect, M. René has no rival.

Following on the buying comes a detailed account of the cleaning, curing, nourishing, and a process

An Original Design for a Black Velvet and Ermine Cloak, with platinum cords and tassels

(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

known as "Décharnage," which translated means the scraping and thinning of the back of the pelt, to render it sound and of the delicate, manageable quality at present decreed. In fact, the whole history, from the skins in the raw to the moment they emerge from the Rue de la Paix or Dover Street, fashioned into sumptuous wraps, is told with a vividness and accuracy that cannot fail to interest even the least thinking.

Viyella, Our Stand-by

Going ever upwards in the esteem of the tailor-made woman is Viyella for her beloved shirt. The enterprising firm responsible for the production recognises at its due worth the value of this esteem, the which they continue to hold by a varying assortment of designs. Plain colours are always especially well represented, and of stripes, as behoves the trend of the moment, there is a very special display. Where sport of any description is in view, Viyella, in its three weights, makes a special claim, the medium being frequently called into requisition by the golfing woman, to whom a presentation is being made of an original shirt design. As will be readily gathered, the gusset armhole is the leading feature, an idea culled from some well-known sports coats, while, also, quite out of the ordinary is the box-pleat either side, arranged in conjunction with a shoulder fulness, the whole set into a back yoke. The centre fold completing the trio closes with shirt studs, and is surmounted by a turn-over collar, worn with silk cravat and safety-pin brooch.

An Original Shirt Design
Fashioned in Viyella, this attractive model will appeal especially to the golfing woman
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Messrs. Ponting, Kensington

This long and safely established business, it is an open secret, has, during the past year, changed its management, with what admirable results and promises of the future those who run can read. By the great courtesy of one of the heads of the establishment, I was recently conducted over the whole of the extensive alterations, not only the completed portion, but also what is still in process of construction, the *ensemble* comprising a unique and perfect scheme the West End has never before equalled. In the brief space at my command, I cannot do more than hint at an extensive arcade, a cold room for furs, a strong room for silver, etc. One of the principal entrances will open directly on to a spacious costume department, followed on by mantles, with fitting-rooms at the back, all on the ground floor, while above, similarly arranged, come the outfitting and workrooms.

The millinery, a wide-famed success of Messrs. Ponting, is accorded, as is its due, augmented space, as also that other equally renowned feature, the art needlework department. But the general aim of the firm is to meet the ever-increasing demands of good fashion at reasonable prices, it becoming daily more apparent that the demand of the modern woman runs to variety. Where, ten years ago, one hat sufficed, we now require two, and frequently three, and those of us who have perforce to keep our fingers on the pulse of such things, have, for some time now, been struck by the assured confidence exhibited by Messrs. Ponting. They know precisely what is wanted, and they intend to see that they are the first to supply it. And those who need confirmation of this statement are invited as a preliminary measure to study the contents of the ably compiled catalogue just issued, which, despite its excellence, is incapable of offering other than a thin general vista.

The Diabolo Charm

I wonder if many of my readers have seen the new Diabolo charm. It is made in the shape of a bobbin, and may be procured either in silver or gold, usually being set with a cat's-eye stone, which is supposed to be one of our lucky ornaments. We shall now be able to recognise a Diabolo enthusiast when we meet him in the street: first of all, by the awkward manner in which he holds his head, and the obvious pain which he experiences in holding it all. You have heard, of course, of the Diabolo neck, which is only a stiff neck (a small wonder the Diabolist gets it) with a stronger name. The second mode of recognition will be the little charm suspended from a chain, and worn close to the heart, where in more sentimental days proud mothers treasured the pictures of their first babies, or romantic old maids the locks of the "hims" who were no more.

SCALA THEATRE.

I fear Mr. Nation's new venture will not prove any more successful than was his season at Terry's earlier in the year. *Stemming the Tide* is not the kind of play to fill a theatre. The hero goes through many trials and tribulations before finding love, happiness, or wealth. One of his most painful experiences was his conviction and imprisonment as the result of a trumped-up charge of theft. The plot seems stale, and the whole piece is unconvincing and wearisome. The members of the cast, for the most part, do not shine—they have no opportunities for displaying their powers. The greater number of characters are religious (?) hypocrites. Mr. T. P. Haynes contrives to be amusing at times as the Rev. Uriah Smugley. The first piece is *Weighed in the Balance*, a playlet produced by Mr. Nation at Terry's during his season there.

R. M.